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The Sketch

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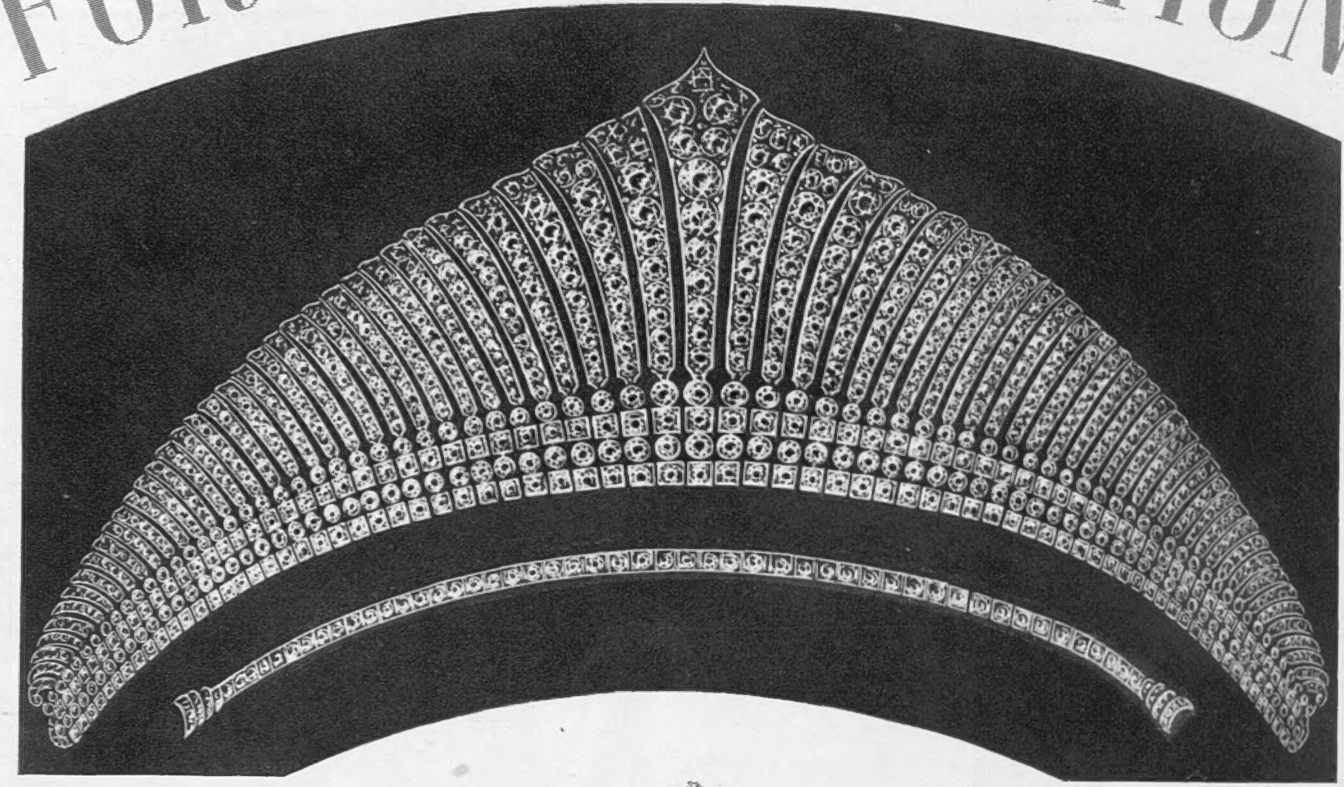

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The Sketch

No. 2308—Vol. CLXXVIII. WEDNESDAY, APRIL 21, 1937. ONE SHILLING.

PORTRAIT-STUDY BY MARCUS ADAMS, THE CHILDREN'S STUDIO, 43, DOVER STREET, W.1.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AND HER DAUGHTERS.

This new portrait-study of HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN *and her daughters is published with every good wish for many happy returns of the day to* H.R.H. PRINCESS ELIZABETH, *the Heir Presumptive, who celebrates her eleventh birthday to-day, April 21. Her younger sister,* H.R.H. PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE, *was born on August 21, 1930, so will be seven on her next birthday.*

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

THE RETURN OF THE NATIVE.

" . . . Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering up and down the Strand. . . ."

NO, that does not seem to be right, somehow. " From wandering on a foreign strand " ? Yes, that seems better, and I apologise to Sir Walter for the liberty ; the more so because I want to say how right I think Sir Walter was. I have been wandering on a foreign strand—in fact, on several foreign strands : I have homeward my steps turned, and my heart has been burning within me. I agree with Sir Walter in thinking that any homeward-bound Englishman who does not suffer from this form of internal combustion–which has *no* connection with return to British diet — is a " wretch concentred all in self " who richly deserves to be " unwept, unhonour'd and unsung." The attitude may be a little insular, and would not be unanimously approved at Geneva, but it has my full and unregenerate sympathy.

" So, you see, the fundamentals of sculpture were just the same for Praxiteles."

DRAWN BY SILLINCE.

And yet an unprejudiced person might well ask why any British subject should want to return to his own, his native land, at this time of year, if he could possibly help it. A week ago, in Mediterranean climes, the sun blazed upon me and grilled me to that rich, bronzen colour which all the novelists inform me is much admired by the opposite sex, and which, in liquid, cream or powder form, costs quite a lot of money. I will not say that the sun has been entirely blotted out of the sky since I got back, but where a little while ago I saw and worshipped a whole firmament of vivid blue, I now see a few shy little patches of pale blue with a huge, ragged border of grey all round them. All the time that I was basking, the flowers in my garden were on a stay-in or sit-down strike—all except the valiant, irrepressible daffodils. The tulips, which for a time had shown great spirit in face of adversity, were openly sulking—and who can blame them ? England a land fit for heroes ? It needs heroes to live in it in January and February ! Many a time during this last winter it has struck me that Julius Cæsar and William the Conqueror, not to mention the Anglés, Saxons, Jutes, and Danes, made a great mistake in not staying quietly at home.

Then why all this heartburn on stepping ashore at Dover ? I see certain reasons. In spite of all temptations, I decline to belong to other nations. It is not our habit to underestimate ourselves, but do we realise all our advantages in England ? I don't mean Democracy and Liberty and Free Institutions ; doubtless they are all very well in their own way—at all events, they fill columns of our newspapers every day with self-satisfaction—but it is in the little daily amenities of life that we score.

For example, have you ever considered what an advantage it is to live in a country where you can drink water out of the tap ? Not that I recommend this practice ; on the contrary, I deprecate it, as tending to sap the moral fibre, and undermine the constitution. But if you *should*, through some unforeseen emergency, be reduced to drinking water, you can get it out of any tap in England ; whereas in certain parts of Europe this act would be regarded as a reckless form of suicide. You have to *buy* water, and medicinal water at that, by the bottle in the backward areas. True, you can, and you should, drink wine ; but, alas ! the days have gone by when you could get native wine which was both good and cheap. There is, I am sorry to say, a great deal of very bad wine about, and respect for the grape is diminishing. The other day I saw a Frenchman drinking a tumbler of half-and-half Richebourg (or so it was called) and soda-water—a melancholy spectacle in a country which produces the finest red wines in the world. Rather than that, " let Princes revel at the pump "—as they can in this Land of the Free, but in few other places in the world.

I regard it, again, as most fortunate that while the Rose, the Thistle, and the Shamrock flourish in these islands, garlic does not prosper in our soil. Wales has her leek, but this mild and unassuming vegetable could never become a national menace, like garlic. One hates to be intolerant in such matters, but if there is anything which is calculated to make one believe in Splendid Isolation, it is that cloud - gas attack of garlic which greets one as soon as one sets foot upon the Continent of Europe. I do not think of foreigners — a strange unfortunate class of men who are to be pitied rather than condemned — as people who eat frogs and snails and macaroni and sauerkraut ; I think of them as people who eat garlic ; and a great gulf separates us—at least, it does, if I can possibly manage it, but my strategy is sometimes defeated.

Then, consider the enormous convenience of our simple, sensible currency system ! When you get a shilling or a half-crown in England, you know exactly what it is worth ; but when you get five francs, or five lire, or five drachmæ, you have to do a sum every time to find out whether it is worth elevenpence, or tenpence-halfpenny, or twopence-three-farthings. It is astonishing that people as intelligent as the French, the Italians, and the Greeks should put up with such a cumbrous system of reckoning money. Besides, this habit of piercing holes through coins, and sticking together hundred-franc notes, of immemorial antiquity, with glue and seccotine and adhesive tape—no, however broad-minded one may be, that sort of thing simply isn't *done*. Again, there is the breakfast question. Not belonging to the Egg-and-Bacon School, I do not feel as strongly about this as some of my countrymen ; but to confront one every morning with yards of golden, crusty bread and piles of irresistible *croissants*, and then to expect one to face the bath-room scales with equanimity—well, is it fair, is it decent, is it cricket ?

Finally, in England there is this great, this incomparable advantage—people (at least, some of them) speak English. Until foreign nations attain to that degree of civilisation, I am sorry, but I cannot regard them, in the highest and truest sense, as my brother-men.

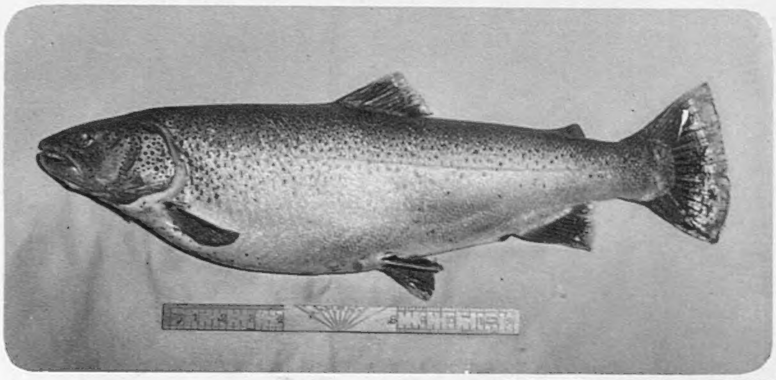
HAMISH McDUFF AGAIN.

HAMISH McDUFF *(referring to lady journalist who plays in the fashionable "trews")*: "Ye ken, it's no' a mon ye're playin'—yon's 'Girrlie,' o' the 'Peebles Pibroch.'"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

"WHEN I WAS LAST A-FISHING."

PLAYING a 48-lb. salmon is no light task, and every salmon-angler will have a good idea of the kind of fight a fish of this weight would put up if it were foul-hooked in the back. Just imagine yourself hooked on to a 48-pounder under these conditions, and with your chest all plastered up as a reminder of a recent hunting accident, and you may have some idea of the feelings of Captain T. P. Powell, M.B.E., Chairman of the Wye Board of Conservators, on the morning of April 3. He had just started fishing below the railway bridge at Ballingham, when he hooked a salmon. It made one leap, so Captain Powell knew almost at once that he was into a really big fish. He also knew that if he allowed it to go up under the bridge, it would mean cutting the line. By putting on a great strain, Captain Powell coaxed the salmon some distance downstream, and held it for a while. Then off it went towards the bridge again, apparently heedless of any strain which the rod could exert. The fish had now been on over twenty minutes, and Captain Powell asked Mr. Arthur Tickle to take the rod while he had a breather. The change-over had no effect on the fish, which still remained in charge of operations. After ten minutes, Captain Powell took over again for a quarter of an hour, when he became rather exhausted, which is not surprising. It was suspected now that the fish was foul-hooked. Mr. Tickle had a second spell of about fifteen minutes, during which the fish showed once some thirty-five yards from the bank. The difficulty of playing this stubborn fish was aggravated by the fact that a stile between two fields had to be negotiated several times. Captain Powell took over for another ten minutes, but as the fish now began to get too far downstream, and there was a risk of the rod being unable to follow owing to overhanging trees, Mr. Tickle, at Captain Powell's request, took over for the third and last time. Finally, the fish was brought under a difficult high bank, close enough for the ghillie to gaff it under a bush. Fortunately, another ghillie was at hand and he held the gaffed fish while the first ghillie broke the bush enough for them both to lift the fish through and on to the bank. The salmon was foul-hooked only by the skin of its back. Both anglers and ghillies must have felt greatly elated at the successful ending of this strenuous fight, which lasted about one and a half hours.



The LARGE BROWN TROUT *in our photograph was caught in the River Monnow, at Chippenham, Monmouth, by Mr. Jim Hughes, and is believed to be a* RECORD FOR THE RIVER. *It measured 25¼ inches in length and had a girth of 15 inches, while its weight was 6¾ lb. Compare it with the foot-rule below.*

This FINE 48-LB. WYE SALMON *was captured by Captain T. P. Powell and Mr. Arthur H. Tickle.*

A Tailer Incident on the Taw.

Before recording an incident which occurred recently on the Fox and Hounds water at Eggesford, and in which two anglers were concerned, I might mention that a gaff may not be used on this river until May 1. This restriction is imposed to save kelts from injury. In place of a gaff, anglers use a tailer, which is a flexible loop of wire or wire cable, working on the principle of the slip-knot, and, when slipped over the tail of the fish, pulls tight and grips firmly. On April 5, Captain Stringer was fishing the Bridge Pool, and got into a fish. After playing it for some time, another angler tailed the fish for Captain Stringer, but inadvertently let the tailer slip out of his hands. The fish was still on, and all might yet have been well, had not Captain Stringer slipped, and, in falling down, broken his rod. Needless to say, the fish got away. The following day, Miss Charlesworth, who was staying at the same hotel, was fishing Barbara's Pool, about three hundred yards below the Bridge Pool, and hooked a fish. No doubt the reader will have guessed quite correctly that this was Captain Stringer's fish, complete with tailer. It weighed 14 lb., and on both occasions it took a Devon minnow. Is it any wonder that anglers are blamed for telling stories when such surprising incidents befall them?

MISS ELLEN G. O'CONOR, *whose engagement to Mr. Malachy Sweetman was recently announced, was snapped with her sister,* MISS GEORGINA O'CONOR, *on the Liffey at Lucan House, their home near Dublin. They are daughters of Mr. Charles O'Conor and nieces of the O'Conor Don.*

Large Trout from the Monnow.

Many big trout have been caught in the town water of the River Monnow, Monmouth. There is only a short length of free water, but according to my informant, Mr. P. Freeman, several fish over 4 lb. have been caught in past seasons, the largest being one of 5¾ lb., caught at the back of the Post Office. A steep wall runs alongside the river here, and in order to land this fish, a bucket was lowered, the trout manœuvred into it and lifted up fifteen feet or so. However, on March 22 last, a local angler, Mr. Jim Hughes, while spinning on the town water, hooked and landed a fine trout of 6¾ lb., after an exciting fight, prolonged by the lack of a landing net. The trout is believed to be a record for the Monnow.

I HAVE HEARD THAT—

In addition to Captain Powell's 48-pounder, two other very big fish were caught on the Wye, one the same weight as Captain Powell's fish, and the other 52 lb.

Scotland has a very strong team for the International Trout Fishing Match on Loch Leven on May 26. The Irish and Welsh teams have been chosen, but the names of those in the English team have not yet been announced. R. L. MARSTON.

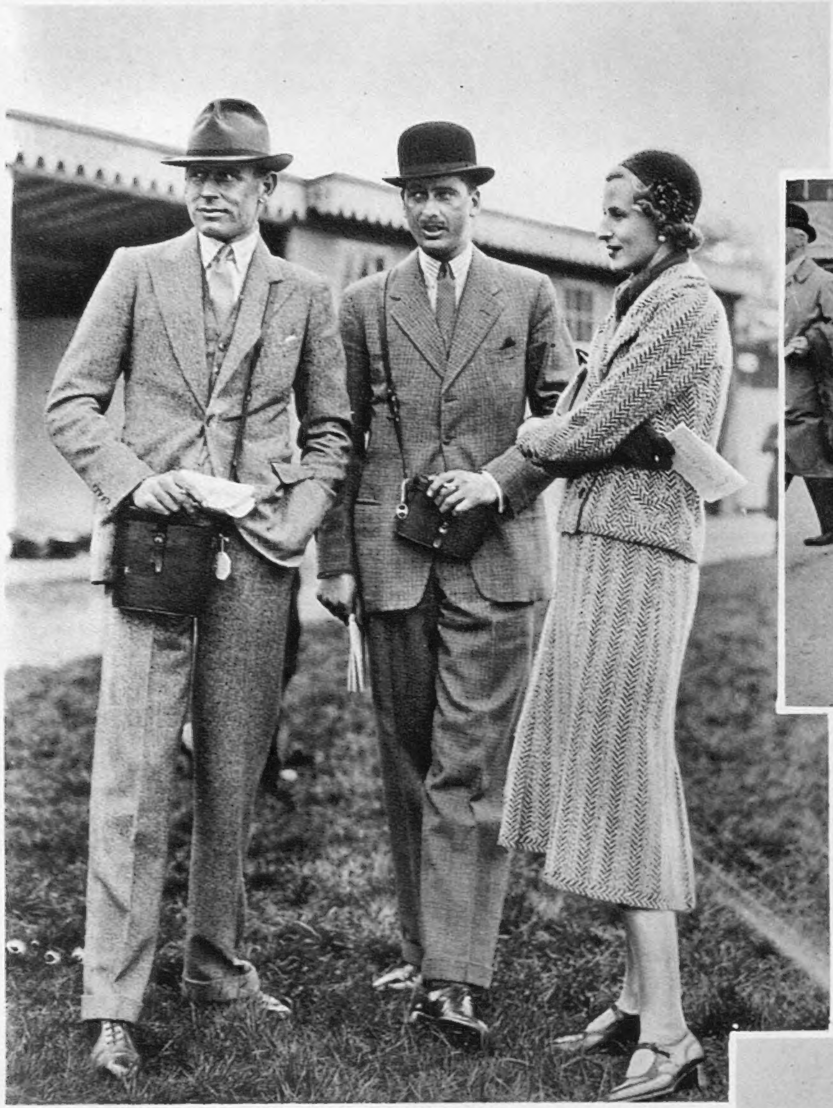
The Editor of "The Sketch" is always pleased to consider, with a view to publication, readers' photographs of fishing subjects suitable for use not only in this article, but in other positions in "The Sketch." All photographs sent on approval should be very fully titled, should bear the name and address of the sender, and should be addressed to the Editor of "The Sketch," Illustrated House, 32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Any photograph used will be paid for at our usual rates.

PHOTOGRAPH BY SWAEBE.

VISCOUNTESS HARCOURT AND HER GIRLS WITH WYNKEN, BLYNKEN AND NOD.

This delightful study of VISCOUNTESS HARCOURT *was taken in the nursery of her home in Eaton Place and shows her with her little girls, the* HON. ANN HARCOURT, *the* HON. PENELOPE HARCOURT, *and the baby, the* HON. VIRGINIA HARCOURT, *looking at the "Ship of Dreams" in plastic paint above the nursery mantelpiece. It bears the names of the children on the prow, and has a scroll below with the legend "Wynken, Blynken and Nod." Lady Harcourt is chairman for the première of "Jump for Glory" at the London Pavilion on April 26 in aid of the Mount Vernon Hospital.*

AT NEWBURY FOR THE SPRING MEETING.



LORD *and* LADY WILLOUGHBY DE BROKE *look as if they had just backed a winner.*

Right: SIR ANTHONY *and* LADY DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE *came to the meeting. He is immersed in watching the race.*

LORD MANTON, MR. ARTHUR T. SMITH-BINGHAM, *and* MRS. J. D. PLAYER *were among those who went to Newbury for the Spring Cup.*

Right: The HON. JOHN FOX-STRANGWAYS, *younger son of Lord and Lady Ilchester, is shown with the* MARCHIONESS OF DUFFERIN AND AVA.

The COUNTESS OF DURHAM *wore a wide-brimmed felt hat.*

Right: LADY ILLINGWORTH *wore a neat tweed suit.*

In previous issues we have given photographs of some of the well-known people who will attend the great Coronation Costume Ball at the Royal Albert Hall on May 13. On this page we continue the series, but the society women in these photographs, while they will appear in the pageant, will not wear the costumes in which they are seen, although these costumes will be worn. LADY DOUGHTY-TICHBORNE, *wife of Sir Anthony Doughty-Tichborne, Bt., is posed as Rosalind, and* MISS SANCHIA WHITWORTH *as Mary, Queen of Scots.*

MISS PATRICIA RAEBURN, *daughter of Lady Raeburn, is attired in the costume of Katharine of Aragon.*

Here MRS. ALLAN LAING *is posed in the costume of Berengaria, and is arranging the elaborate head-dress.*

DISPLAYING DRESSES FOR THE CORONATION COSTUME BALL.

AN AMERICAN ARTIST'S DISTINGUISHED SITTERS: PORTRAITS BY M. BAYNON COPELAND.

MRS. CHARLES SWEENY, *formerly Miss Margaret Whigham.*

MLLE. MARIE SOL EDWARDS, *grandchild of the Chilean Ambassador.*

MRS. CLAUDE LEIGH, *a beautiful blonde.*

MISS YOSHIDA, *daughter of the Japanese Ambassador.*

H.R.H. PRINCESS ALICE, COUNTESS OF ATHLONE.

MRS. R. C. ANDERSEN, the well-known American artist, who paints as M. BAYNON COPELAND, has had many of the best-known people in the diplomatic, social, and political world among her sitters. A number of her portraits of distinguished people are on view at her "one-man" show at Ackermann's Galleries in New Bond Street, which opened last week and continues until April 30. Mrs. Andersen was a pupil of the late J. J. Shannon, and has exhibited in Paris and New York, as well as London.

Left: MME. DE GRIPENBERG, *wife of the Finnish Minister.*

Right: MME. RENARD, *wife of the Counsellor of the Chilean Embassy.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY HAY WRIGHTSON.

DAUGHTER OF A GREAT AUSTRIAN FAMILY.

PRINCESS WEIKERSHEIM *is the wife of Prince Francis Weikersheim, head of the noble Wurtemberg house, and was Princess Irma Windisch-Graetz, a member of a famous Austrian family. Her marriage took place in Vienna last year. She and her husband live in a charming house in Chelsea, and they are very popular in London society. The Princess, who is very fond of outdoor sports, and ski-ing in particular, is always beautifully dressed.*

CAVIAR AND CABBAGES.

By MOLLY CASTLE.

XVI.—DON AMECHE.

THE latest Italian to land at the top in the U.S.A. is Signor Dominic Amici, son, to use his own words, of "the best saloon-keeper in Kenosha, Wisconsin." For six years he has been a radio star in a land where radio stars really rate. For six months he 's been a film star in a town where they don't do so badly, either. You 've already noted him starred in such current productions as "One in a Million," "Love is News," and "Ramona," under the Americanised version of his name: Don Ameche.

You, and about a million others. Don Ameche gets more fan mail than anyone on his home lot, with the exception of Shirley Temple, who gets more letters than anyone in the world, including a hundred proposals a week, from adults.

Don is of Italian origin, but he isn't a "wop." Even if you saw him dancing a tango in a night-club you would know that. He 's a quiet, serious, nice-looking, shy young man, with a quiet, serious, nice-looking, but not-so-shy wife, who was his sweetheart in High School and kept right on. There was an interval of six years, during which they were growing up in different places, but when they did meet again, they got married.

The Ameches have a happy but crazy home life. They don't live in Hollywood, but out in the Valley. There are probably several hundred valleys in and around Los Angeles, but only one of them is The Valley. They grow oranges on their ranch: it's in the frostless belt, and it was once lived on by W. C. Fields. I think I 've explained before that any house with a chicken coop and a peach-tree is a ranch in these parts, but this is quite a place. The Ameches seem no more than a couple of kids themselves, but they have two more around the place—Donny and Ronny, aged three and one year respectively.

The boys have a male nurse, the first I ever heard about. His name 's Gabriel, and he is a Belgian who was first adopted by the sisters of the convent school which Don attended as a child. Now he 's been adopted by the entire Ameche family, for whom he washes, cooks, sweeps, and sews, besides doing a lot of other little jobs, like looking after Don's clothes, teaching Donny languages, and training Ronny not to suck his thumb. Mrs. Ameche has long, coiled, fair hair, and looks like Ann Harding. Don is dark, but not very, and he doesn't look Italian except that he wears a platinum wedding-ring. Donny and Ronny are both blond and round and husky.

Don is wildly unpunctual, loves to plan a quiet evening at home just so that he can dash home at the last minute to tell his wife they are off to a party. He is a movie fan, thinks Clarke Gable magnificent, Fred MacMurray a great kid, Muni superb, and talks with tears in his voice about Spencer Tracy's acting. Never talks about his own, and mumbles incoherently when complimented. He 'd go to the movies every night if he could, and often does. And he hates to eat at home. There 's just one way that Mrs. Ameche can make him change his mind, and that 's by fixing him a giant dish of Italian spaghetti from the recipe grandpa taught her. But even though there 's a tennis court and a swimming-pool at the ranch, she can't feed him spaghetti every night and expect him to retain his present waistline, "not in the quantities Don likes to eat it." Besides, in the days before she was married, she was a dietitian, and spaghetti every night would be too much starch altogether. So now, because Don loves to get out and go places, doesn't mind how far he has to drive to get there, Mrs. Ameche goes too, and likes it.

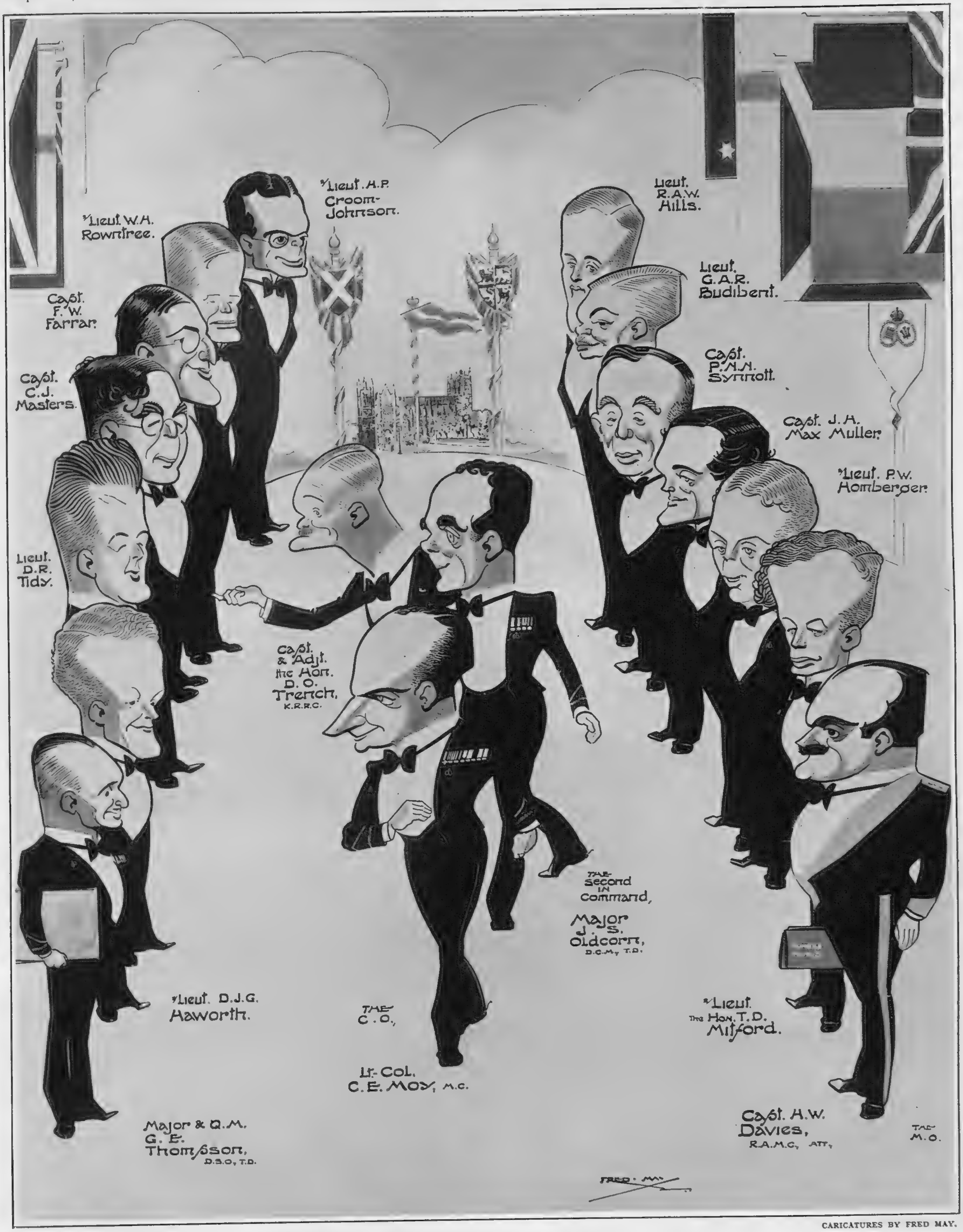
Next to idolising two-dimensional shadow figures on a white screen, the American public worship the ghost voices coming to them over the air. They 'll listen to minutes of dreary advertising for seconds of their favourite radio heroes: Rudy Vallee, Eddie Cantor, Bing Crosby, and Don Ameche. Don did a lot of things before he landed a job in radio. He went to four universities, "couldn't stand more than a year in each place"; he dug ditches, socked an Irish foreman, worked in a mattress factory testing the comfort of the finished product (what a job!), and loaded 100-pound bags of cement on to trucks (what a come-down!). But when he did find his way on to a radio programme, he stuck. He was fascinated and horrified by tales of British broadcasting. "What, no advertising?" puzzled he.

This is a delightful "at-home" study of DON AMECHE *and* MRS. AMECHE *by their own fireside; while an action picture of Don Ameche on his lawn tennis court is inset.*

Don is ambitious and wants, not only to be a top-notcher, but to provide in a big way for the family. Likes to buy things for his wife, and this year produced for her an immense star sapphire. They had planned to have the sapphire the year before, but had Ronny instead. If it wasn't for this ambition, Don thinks that the best and most American job he ever had, not even excepting the one testing-out mattresses, was one he held down for a short time in Kenosha, Wis. He was hired, by the city, with a gang of other workmen, to make square street-corners round.

DON AMECHE'S SPAGHETTI.

If you 've ever met an Italian who didn't like spaghetti, his name is not Don Ameche. And this is the way he likes it. You put a pound of spaghetti into one pint of boiling water, and add a can of tomatoes that have been put through a sieve. Bring to the boil again. Into a muslin bag or an old handkerchief, put all the fresh herbs you can find around the garden or the greengrocers. Rosemary, mint, fresh sage, and fresh thyme are pretty well essential. Boil rapidly for 15 or 20 minutes, stirring occasionally until the juice is beginning to use up. Serve with lots of grated parmesan cheese.



CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.

QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER'S C.O.'S INSPECTION.

THE 16TH LONDON REGIMENT (QUEEN'S WESTMINSTER AND CIVIL SERVICE RIFLES) *traces its descent from the London and Westminster Light Horse of 1779, the Royal Westminster Volunteers of 1797, and the Somerset House Volunteers of 1798. During the Boer War both regiments supplied officers and men to the C.I.V.'s, and the Queen's Westminster Rifles and Civil Service Rifles supplied and maintained a company of the K.R.R.C. In the Great War, they both served in France and Flanders from 1914 to 1919. The second Battalions served on the Balkan front, in Palestine, and France. In 1922 they were amalgamated under their present title. The Dean of Westminster is Hon. Chaplain to the Regiment, which has the privilege of attending Divine Service in Westminster Abbey. It is chosen for Coronation duty.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANTHONY.

"CAMILLE" CAMEO-D — BY DOUGLAS BYNG.

"CAMILLE CAMEO-D" illustrates one of the turns from MR. DOUGLAS BYNG'S *tremendous répertoire at the Café de Paris, to which he returned a couple of weeks ago. The song is called "Camille of the Folies Bergère," and Douglas gives a superb performance as that naughty dame, with her hair done in the "Pompadour" style of the period—1890—and that naughty look in her eye.*

"THE SQUEAKER"— AND THE LEOPARD CLUB.

In a private room at the Leopard Night Club someone is to be doped—but who? And by whom? For answers, see "The Squeaker," at the Strand Theatre.

Captain Lesley (HARTLEY POWER) *is suspected by Millie Trent* (JANE CARR) *of the murder of Sutton, her husband.*

In Captain Lesley, Bill Annerley (HENRY WENMAN), *hall-porter and proprietor of the Leopard Club, recognises the man who saved him in France. Son Jim* (EDWIN ELLIS) *is introduced.*

Thieves fall out! Sutton (GEORGE RELPH) *has a disagreement with his lawful wife, Millie Trent, who in public is only his secretary.*

Right: Who is the murderer? Why did he do it?

TALES WITH A STING.

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

By H. F. M. PRESCOTT, *Author of "The Unhurrying Chase," and "The Lost Fight."*

(BEING OUR SHORT STORY.)*

IF you have been brought up with your wife since you and she were small children, and if you are married to her when you are sixteen, it is very hard to command that respect to which a man is entitled. Marc of Avesnes always felt that he had not had a fair chance with Blanche. Certainly she was a born spitfire; it is not every wife, fortunately, who bites her husband's hand the first time he tries to beat her. And her tongue, too! Marc's was no match for it. When the worst came to the worst, all that he could do was to shout at her so loud that he could not hear what she was saying, and shut the door behind him as quickly as possible.

That was the manner of his exit on the morning he left Avesnes for the jousts at Hirson. They were the first jousts he had ever been to, and it certainly was a bad start. As he rode out between the dykes, where the morning sun made a swimming dazzle of white light on the still water, Marc felt aggrieved. If Blanche had played her part properly she ought to have clung to him, cried a little, perhaps promised him her prayers. Instead of this, he had been forced to slam the door on the most wounding taunts, and yet he had not been quick enough; he had heard, and it was still in his ears, this last ominous farewell: "Great lumbering schoolboy like you! Think you 're a man? Wait till you meet one in the jousts! He 'll soon tumble you!"

Marc reflected, with a spurt of malice, that, anyway, he was two years older than Blanche, and that she was very far from being a well-behaved, grown-up woman. He recalled the way she had of racing about the house, laughing shrilly and banging doors and singing—yes, and even whistling. And her hair was never tidy; there were always little curly wisps pushing out from under the gold-net cauls on each side of her plump, bright cheeks.

Certainly she was only a chit of a girl, but Marc was two years older, a man grown, and at the jousts he would show it. He would win the prize, and then some marvellously beautiful and very exalted lady, a Duke's wife, or a Count's, would offer him her love. Then Blanche would see what a mistake she had made. He allowed himself to imagine at some length his triumph and her chagrin.

By the time he saw the walls and towers and thin spires of Hirson against the yellow afterglow of sunset Marc had recovered most, if not all, of his self-esteem. And supper at the Twelve Golden Martlets did the rest. For one thing, there was a roast swan, and Marc was very partial to roast swan; for another, the wine was excellent; and for another there was a woman who sat over against Marc at the table who was the very opposite of all that he deplored in Blanche.

This woman was fair—"golden" Marc called it to himself, though others might have called it sandy. And she was slim and straight and tall and very appropriately gowned in a grey-green colour like that of beech trunks. She had a way of moving her hands that made him think of music, it was so elegant and measured; this was no raw girl—emphatically not. Instead of Blanche's black eyes, that were set somehow cosily and roguishly in her round face, this woman's eyes were long in shape, green in colour, and sleepy and slow-glancing. And her eyes, when they rested on Marc, had no sparkle of mockery in them, and also they rested on him often.

Beside this sweet creature sat an enormously fat knight who breathed heavily and spoke little. He took no notice of anything but his food, and this was a convenience to Marc of Avesnes, for it enabled him and the knight's lady to take notice of each other.

They were the last at table; the fat knight had a prodigious appetite, and Marc, who would have been willing to prolong supper till midnight, ate so many honey-wafers that he was never able to see a honey-wafer afterwards with any pleasure.

But he had his reward, for when the table was empty except for the three of them he was able to speak to the lady and listen with delight to her small, cool voice answering him. He told her what his name was and she told him that hers was Marthe. She also told him, in the same clear voice, that Phelippe was a gross-eating hog; when Marc, with a sort of guilty terror, glanced hastily at the fat knight, she added that he was deaf, the old fool! Marc was greatly relieved, though he did not much like the way Dame Marthe laughed to herself and said to him: "I frightened you then!"

But he was her slave again the next minute. For the fat knight finished his supper, sighed, drained the last of his wine with shut eyes, and lumbered up from the table; and then Dame Marthe, putting her lips close to his ear, cried, loud and slow, as if he were half a mile away, that Sire Marc of Avesnes must come up and eat some sweetmeats and talk awhile before bed-time.

Marc, after the honey-wafers, did not care to think of sweetmeats, but a lover must suffer; starvation is more poetical, but a surfeit is very uncomfortable and should be meritorious. He went up after her to suffer his martyrdom in Paradise.

The room above was like Paradise indeed, if that is a place of warmth and light and sweetest perfume. For there was a fire, though it was May, and Dame Marthe's two women (they were both pretty and painted and very pert in their glances) lighted at least a score of candles, and the whole air was full of scents of musk and powdered sandal-wood burnt on the fire, and whenever Dame Marthe moved about the room there was a waft of perfume more subtly sweet even than these.

For half an hour, perhaps, Marc and the lady sat beside each other on the edge of the bed, which was a very soft feather one and covered with a great black silk coverlet worked all over with little unicorns in gold. The old knight dozed and nodded and woke up with sudden snores, while Marc and she talked and were eloquently silent, and Marc watched her all the time, and the maids watched Marc. But at last the fat knight woke up definitively, and heaved himself up out of the chair and said it was bed-time. Marc tried to express, in the kiss he administered to Dame Marthe's hand, mingled pity, envy, and devotion; he hoped that she could interpret the kiss and distinguish the emotions; anyway, he felt her fingers move against his. Then he was at the door, and outside it, and on the dark stairs that smelt of mice, with the gate of Paradise shut behind him. All the same, he could go to bed in the belief that Marc of Avesnes was a devil of a fellow.

He got up next day with the same exhilarating conviction. It was a fair, bright morning, with a fresh wind and high-sailing, very clean white clouds that somehow never got in the way of the sun, but only decorated the blue sky pleasantly; it was a cheerful, vigorous, encouraging morning. And Marc rode to the jousts in front of his squire and his two servants with his nose at a very high angle.

That evening, when he trudged back again on foot, it was perceptibly lower. He was alone, too, among the crowds, for he had sent his squire and the servants to bring home the horse and the arms, for which, as well as for his own valuable person, he had been obliged to pay a ransom, cash down. He must have a horse to ride home to Avesnes, but at the moment he did not wish to see his arms again.

Supper at the Twelve Golden Martlets was a sorry affair for Marc. Sire Phelippe and Dame Marthe were not there; doubtless they were with the rest, merry-making at the castle. Marc might have been there too, but he had not had the heart to go up. So, in the almost empty room, he sat sullen, ate a little and drank a lot, and went out at last to cool his head in the night air, with his sorrows at least made more interesting by the wine. Loitering there, he kept his eyes on the one lit window just at the corner where the water-butt stood; it was the window of Paradise, though, of course, to-night Paradise was empty of all but the two pert women. But it was something to look at, and as he loafed a gentle and amorous melancholy descended on him from the stars, which to-night seemed to him to be unusually large, numerous, and unsteady.

And then, just as he had made up his mind to go to bed and be done with this unhappy day, someone came to the window and leaned out and seemed to listen. And it was She. Two strides took Marc across the yard.

"Fairest!" he said, in a loud whisper, and then stopped, because it had only just struck him that the fat knight might be inconveniently near.

[*Continued on page 152.*

** All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

MISS PEGGY FALKNER (Worplesdon), a Girl champion of 1935, beat Miss Pam Barton, British and American Woman champion, in the second round of the Women's Surrey Championship at St. George's Hill, Weybridge, by 2 and 1. On the same day MAX FAULKNER (whose name sounds the same), assistant professional at Sonning, the youngest competitor in the *Daily Mail* Professional Tournament at Little Aston, returned the record score of 68.

BIG BEN is getting his face washed for Coronation season. Much as he might like to "swat those flies," fortunately his hands are unable to do so. The "flies" are workmen.

THESE WORKMEN CLEANING THE FACE OF BIG BEN—FOR GIVING SUCH A LIFELIKE IMITATION OF FLIES ON A WALL.

MISS PEGGY FALKNER *and* MAX FAULKNER—FOR MAKING GOLF HISTORY IN DIFFERENT EVENTS ON THE SAME DAY IN VERY NEARLY THE SAME NAME.

The HON. OSMOND SCOTT *(left) and his son,* MR. KENNETH SCOTT—FOR BEING THE BACK-MARKERS IN THE FATHERS AND SONS GOLF TOURNAMENT AND COMING TO THE FORE TO WIN.

TOMMY FARR—FOR BEING A FAR, FAR BETTER BOXER THAN THE PRE-BAER BETTING SUGGESTED.

THE HON. OSMOND SCOTT and his son, MR. KENNETH SCOTT, the new captain of the Oxford University Golf team, were the back-markers in the annual Fathers and Sons competition at West Hill. They repeated their victory of 1934, beating the Finlay pair in the final.

MR. CHRISTOPHER HIPPISLEY (on the stage Mr. Christopher Quest) and his bride, MISS LINDISFARNE HAMILTON, are members of the Richmond Theatre Repertory Theatrical Company. The wedding gift which Mr. Gardner Davies has offered to them is that they may appear in the leading rôles of any play that they care to select.

TOMMY FARR, the ex-booth boxer from Tonypandy, created a sensation last week when he out-fought and out-boxed a former world champion, Max Baer, at Harringay, in twelve of the most glorious rounds that have been seen for many years. Farr won the British and Empire heavy-weight championships only last month, but in the match last week he was not expected to do more than put up a good show against Baer.

MR. CHRISTOPHER HIPPISLEY *and his bride,* MISS LINDISFARNE HAMILTON—FOR GETTING LEADING PARTS IN ANY PLAY THEY LIKE AS A WEDDING PRESENT.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW.

The marriage of CAPTAIN PETER LEESE, *Coldstream Guards, R.O., second son of the late Sir William Hargreaves Leese, Bt., to* MISS ROSAMOND BETTY DUGDALE, *younger daughter of Captain Geoffrey Dugdale, M.C., took place at the Guards' Chapel.*

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM was due to give the "off" to the Coronation season junketings with his bâton on Monday night. Do not, I beg you, think that I am being frivolous either about society or music: I merely state the fact that the first night of international opera at Covent Garden is the opening of the London season. Sir Thomas Beecham arranged to conduct "Otello" on Monday last, and so there you are. He *has* started the whole giddy round. Musically, the season is expected to be brilliant. Sartorially and socially also, and since every woman with jewels will have had them cleaned and possibly reset, we may expect that every night will be tiara night at Covent Garden.

MISS ROSAMOND JOSEPH *is the débutante daughter of Sir Francis and Lady Joseph. She will be presented by her mother at the Court on May 5.*

Excellent support has been given to the opera. Their Majesties have reserved the Royal Box, and though it seems doubtful whether they will have many free evenings available for opera, they will no doubt on many occasions give the box to distinguished visitors and members of the Royal Family. The general list of subscribers is satisfactorily long and grand. The Duke of Marlborough is a box-holder, and so is his brother, Lord Ivor Spencer-Churchill, while the names also include another pair of musical brothers, Lord Hambleden and Mr. James Smith. The Duchess of Westminster has a box, and so have Mr. Robert Sweeny, Lord Tredegar, Herr von Ribbentrop, Lady Scarsdale, and other notabilities, while Mr. Stephen King-Hall, the successful playwright, is a stall-holder. On the first night I confidently expected to see Lady Cunard, Lady Kemsley, Lady Jowitt, Lady Allendale, and other regular supporters of Covent Garden, but you 'll have to wait until next week to know exactly what I saw—and heard.

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It was nice to hear an entirely new composition given in London the other Sunday, and we went off to the Hyde Park Hotel full of expectation, for the first of Mrs. Augustus Ralli's two presentations of "Marie Egiziaca," by Respighi, which was performed to an absolutely packed "house." Every inch of space in the double ball-room was filled with an enthusiastic audience. Mrs. Ralli, wearing a printed satin dress, received the guests, who were all members of the Opera Circle, and welcomed among others Baroness Ravensdale, Mme. Régis de Oliveira, and her daughter Sylvia, who is one of the most popular girls in society. At last, everyone was settled, and the performance began.

Respighi is a modern composer, but not ultra-modern in his methods, so "Marie Egiziaca" makes its appeal at a first hearing, as it does not call for any great concentration on the part of listeners to follow it. Laelia Finneberg sang the leading rôle well in the first and third episodes; Florence Austral took the part in the second episode, and Dennis Noble gave a robust reading of the Pilgrim.

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The arrangement of flowers at the Private View of Mrs. Reginald Andersen's pictures at Ackermann's Galleries was ingenious. Big bowls full were placed under two of the portraits, chosen to match up with the colours on the canvases—blues and mauves under the picture of Adrianne Allen, and orange, flame and yellow under that of another portrait which shows the sitter in a dress of these sunset shades.

Mrs. Andersen shows under the name of M. Baynon Copeland, and has painted a good few of our most decorative—and very well-known—people; so it was only natural that the crowd at the Private View should be entitled to these coveted adjectives! Diplomatic visitors included His Excellency of Japan, who came to see the attractive portrait of his young daughter in national costume; and the baby "Marie Sol Edwards," also on the walls, was "represented" by her grandparents, the Chilean Ambassador and his wife. There are portraits of H.R.H. Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, Mrs. Charles Sweeny, Mme. Gripenberg, and other people whose faces make decoration.

"RAMSGATE SANDS, OR, LIFE AT THE SEASIDE," *by William Powell Frith, R.A. (1819-1909), has been lent by H.M. the King to the Royal Society of British Artists' Show at the Suffolk Street Galleries, Pall Mall. It was exhibited in 1854.*

. . . . . .

Princess Helena Victoria was all in blue when she opened the Royal Treasures Exhibition at 5, Great Stanhope Street, and Lady Harcourt's flowery hat made me feel that spring had come. Mr. McTaggart's mansion, lent for the duration of the exhibition, houses it admirably, and there are lots of lovely and interesting things to see. There are also odd exhibits—the oddest a royal toothbrush.

A portrait of Queen Elizabeth (attributed to Zucchero) shows her in a cloak embroidered with sinister-looking eyes and ears—a freak fashion which I hope our bright young designers won't copy. The human eye appears as a motif in several other exhibits—for instance, there's a hair bracelet with a miniature of Princess Charlotte's eyes, and a gold bracelet with four lockets containing miniatures of the eyes of Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, Princess Alice, Grand Duchess of Hesse, and Prince Albert, Duke of Edinburgh—all of a lovely cerulean blue.

The marriage of MR. A. R. GLEN, *leader of the Oxford University Arctic Expedition, son of the late Mr. Bartlett Glen, to* MISS NINA NIXON, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brinsley-Nixon, was solemnised at Chelsea Old Church.*

. . .

The Royal Treasures Exhibition had an evening party as well as their Private View festivity, with music and light refreshments as the alternative amusements to studying the exhibits. Ye Olde Worlde atmosphere was

induced by English songs given to a lute accompaniment by performers in costume, and the programme-sellers being gotten-up in period dress.

Princess Marie Louise came, and again looked at the exhibits, for she had not exhausted their charm by her previous tour. Lady Hudson and the Dowager Lady Harcourt showed her round, and were able to supply her with information about everything. Lady Harcourt said that after Queen Mary had seen the show, she returned to Marlborough House and had a number of things looked up, so that further details might be sent to Lady Harcourt for inclusion in the descriptions of the objects. Queen Mary's knowledge of historical subjects is great, and she is also well informed about classic novels, a fact which was brought home by her remarks at the "Mill on the Floss" film. When her Majesty attended the première for University Hospital, she talked to the girl who presented her with her programme. This child had played the part of little Maggie in the film, and her Majesty told her that her dress was most appropriate and correct for the period.

Princess Marie Louise also attended this film première as did Lady Patricia Ramsay, who looked well in dark-blue with a big-brimmed hat. The Queen kissed her two relatives affectionately before she went into the Royal Box, which was not the usual one, but a specially constructed box at the back of the stalls, so that her Majesty could get a good view of the picture.

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To return to the Royal Treasures evening party. The Duchess of Rutland was surrounded by relatives, for her son, Lord Granby, and her sister-in-law, Lady Violet Benson, with her husband, were going round together, and all seemed to know a lot about the different exhibits. Mrs. Walker-Heneage, whose husband, Colonel Walker-Heneage, has lent a lot of things, was pointing out one of their possessions—a declaration by Charles II. which runs: "To all his loving subjects . . . denying the false and malicious report" that he had ever contracted a marriage with Mrs. Lucy Walters, the mother of the Duke of Monmouth—a "Royal Treasure"?

Eric Dunstan and Lady Jowitt were letting off a *feu d'artifice* of wit as they discussed the things; they decided that Henry VIII.'s plum-coloured silk hat with a great feather was definitely "Schiaparelli." Lady Harcourt came, looking charming in pale green with a mauve burnous cloak; Lady Rennell wore a white picture frock, and Lady Florence Willoughby arrived early and stayed late.

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First nights at the Curzon are always popular, but the gala première of "Pépé le Moko," in aid of the Feathers' Clubs, was an absolute "cracker." All Mrs. Dudley Ward's friends rallied round her to help this cause, and were rewarded by seeing an excellent picture. Mrs. Ward herself looked about the same age as her daughters, Mrs. Laycock, in black and white, with a frilled white organdie coatee, and Penelope, in aquamarine-blue lace. She herself was in glittering blue sequins.

H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER *attended the Open Sesame Ball in aid of the R.S.P.C.A. Free Animal Clinics for the Poor, and is seen with the president, the* DUCHESS OF PORTLAND, *who received her.*

The French Ambassador came; Lady Cunard arrived rather late, with Lady Milbanke and Mrs. Peter Thursby. Silver-fox capes show no sign of losing their popularity as theatre wraps for arctic spring nights. Lady Plunket wore one over a white satin, Mrs. "Dickie" Norton another over a black dress with narrow green lines running down the side, and Lady Cunard was also silver-foxed. Lady Brecknock wore an original model, as her short coat had black sequin sleeves. Lady Diana Cooper's black dress had an amusing high collar of stiffened black tulle, and another lovely woman in a striking fashion was Mary, Lady Howe, who wore a huge black lace and net veil stiffened all round over her blonde hair.

MRS. ANTHONY ACTON *brought her little daughter,* CAROLINE, *to the christening of Mrs. John Musker's baby daughter at St. Margaret's, Westminster.*

MISS MARGOT DUKE, *daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Duke, of Glebefield, Walton-on-the-Hill, Surrey, is a débutante of the year. This is the dress she wore at the dance which Mrs. Duke gave for her at Claridge's.*

. . .

The Craven Meeting at Newmarket was rather dull from the social personality point of view, though our regulars assembled and were delighted to be at "H.Q." again. It did not actually rain, though one seemed surrounded by a damp mist. Mrs. John Dewar's mackintosh was the dress high-light of the day. It was of blue oilskin patterned with little white umbrellas, all opened out and looking like little white sails. It was nice to see Lord Lonsdale and his yellow car again. He brought his sister-in-law, Lady Ethel Wickham, with him. The Durhams were there with his elder schoolboy son. She looked lovely as ever in mink over a green coat, with a jaunty green-and-yellow hat.

. . .

Lady (Austin) Harris's party on Wednesday night was also a film première, as it was the occasion of the first showing of the brilliant new film which she and her friends made during last year. "Treason's Bargain," is the title of this thrilling picture, which shows how Mrs. Tarchtree, a woman "relentless as an enemy but tender and winning as a friend," won her Dameship in some very tough international business connected with stolen plans.

Lady Harris herself took the part of Dame Tarchtree. Those who gathered to see the premier presentation included Lord Berners, Mr. John Betjeman, Lord Donegall, Mr. Victor Cunard, and Dr. Tancred Borenius, all of whom had taken parts in the picture.

Lady Malcolm and Mrs. John Betjeman were also among the audience, who gave Dame Tarchtree's adventures a warm welcome. No incident received more applause than the brilliantly staged balloon ascent by the great woman, in the course of which she flung the villain from the basket into the icy deeps below!

MARIEGOLD

LLOYD'S AMATEURS IN "MUSIC IN THE AIR."

"MUSIC IN THE AIR" was presented last week at the New Scala by Lloyd's Dramatic, Operatic and Musical Society. This is the finale in Edendorf. Karl (MR. JOHN LEWIS) and Sieglinde (MISS ELLALAINE HOLLAND) are kissing (left) and Dr. Walther Lessing (MR. RHYS ARTHUR) is in the centre of the crowd.

Sieglinde Lessing (MISS ELLALAINE HOLLAND) hurts her foot on the road to Munich. Karl (MR. JOHN LEWIS) bandages it.

Dr. Walther Lessing (MR. RHYS ARTHUR) feeds the bird whose song has given him the theme for a musical number.

Anna, the dresser (MISS KATHLEEN DABBS), is entangled in the embrace of Frieda (MISS GRIZEL STILL) and Bruno (MR. EDWARD MARGETSON).

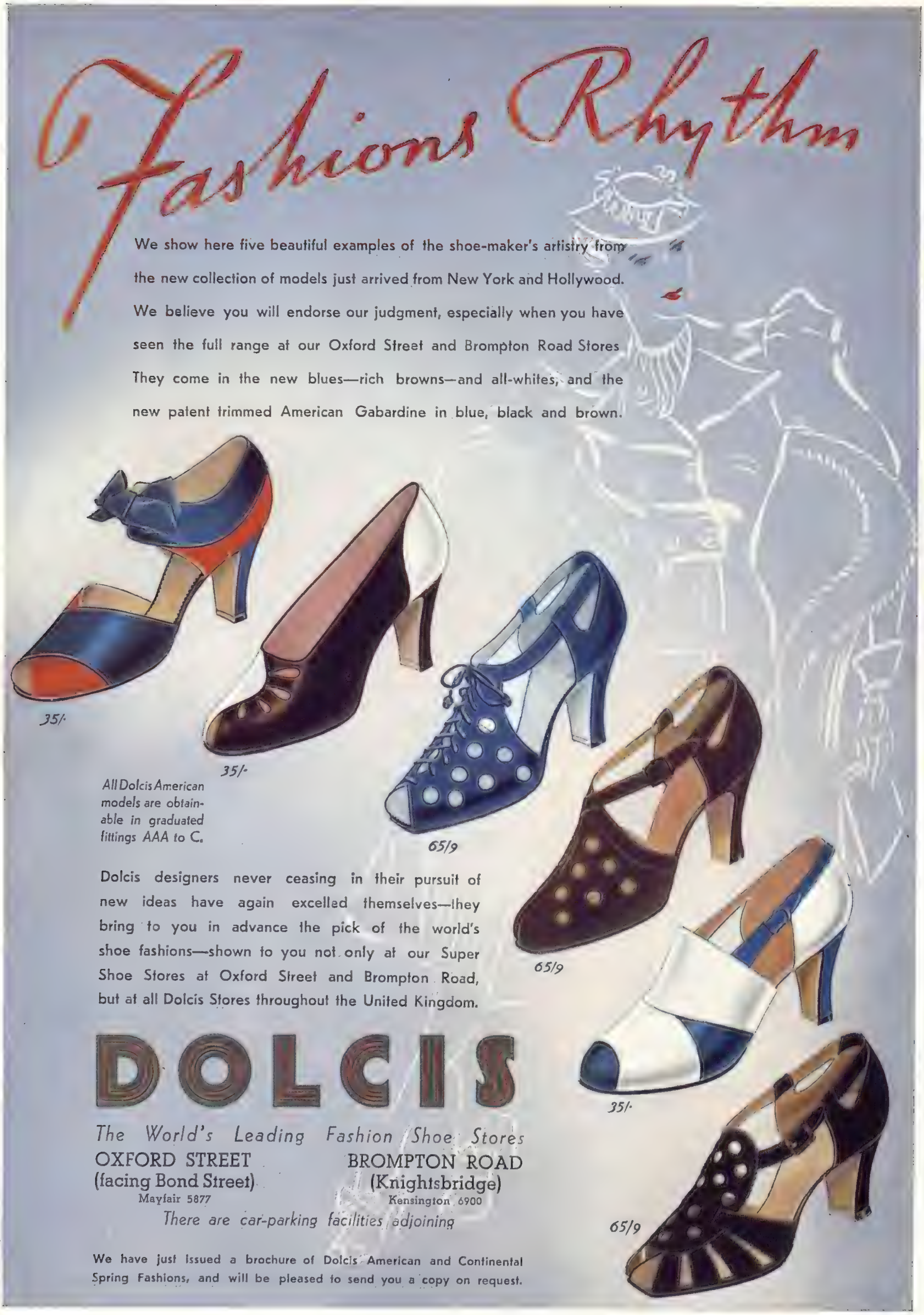
The rehearsal scene, with (l. to r.) Ernst Weber (MR. J. WILTON ANSTEY), Karl, Bruno, Uppmann (MR. DAVID OWEN), Lessing, Frieda and Sieglinde at a dramatic moment.

Hulde (GERALDINE COWDY) rehearses her Bubble Dance before the astonished eyes of the Edendorf visitors, Dr. Walther Lessing (MR. RHYS ARTHUR), Sieglinde (MISS ELLALAINE HOLLAND), and Karl (MR. JOHN LEWIS).

XXIX.—"HALLELUJAH!"

Conductor **DR. MALCOLM SARGENT** gives pleasure to millions. Has inspired hosts of orchestras and choral societies in London, the provinces, and Australasia.

CARICATURE BY ERNEST FORBES.


Fashions Rhythm
We show here five beautiful examples of the shoe-maker's artistry from the new collection of models just arrived from New York and Hollywood. We believe you will endorse our judgment, especially when you have seen the full range at our Oxford Street and Brompton Road Stores. They come in the new blues—rich browns—and all-whites, and the new patent trimmed American Gabardine in blue, black and brown.
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35/-
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MIREILLE BALIN *is the French star, new to London picture "fans," who plays Gaby in* "PÉPÉ LE MOKO," *the French film at the Curzon. Gaby is a charming and bejewelled Parisian visitor to Algiers. She visits the Casbah, or native quarter, which serves as a refuge for Pépé, the criminal who is wanted by the police, and is attracted by him. He falls in love with her—so desperately that he makes no attempt to steal her diamonds—and is finally lured by her beauty from his refuge into the town and arrested. The story is based on a novel by Detective Ashelbé, who worked in Algiers and thus guarantees the plausibility of the setting, which, indeed, is obviously authentic. M. Julien Duvivier has produced a striking and dramatic picture in which the minor parts are all beautifully acted as well as the leading rôles. Lucas Gridoux plays the detective with great brilliance.*

MIREILLE BALIN—THE BEAUTY OF "PÉPÉ LE MOKO."

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ANGUS MCBEAN.

AT THE CHELTENHAM 'CHASING MEETING.

MR. FORESTER, MISS FORESTER, MISS ROSEMARY GROSVENOR, MISS BEATRIX GROSVENOR, *and* MISS MARGARET SEYMOUR *are the people in this group (l. to r.).*

Left: MR. *and* LADY LETTICE COTTERELL *came to the Cheltenham meeting from Garnons, Hereford. She is the eldest daughter of Earl Beauchamp.*

MISS PEPPER *and the* COUNTESS OF ESSEX *were enjoying a joke when the photographer snapped them (l. to r.).*

LADY FIONA FULLER, *wife of Sir Gerard Fuller, Bt., wore a fox brooch in her velvet scarf. She is with* MRS. ANCIL *(right).*

MISS HARRISON-BROADLEY, MR. IVO REID, *Irish Guards, and* MISS LUCAS-SCUDAMORE *were at Cheltenham for the 'chasing meeting.*

The engagement of MISS NANCY LOUISA JONES, *youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Harding Jones, of Housham Tye, Harlow, Essex, to* LORD WALPOLE *has been announced. Lord Walpole, who was born in 1913, succeeded to the titles of ninth Baron Walpole of Walpole and seventh Baron Walpole of Wolterton in 1931, on the death of his cousin, the Earl of Orford. The family seat is Wolterton Park, Norwich.*

LORD WALPOLE AND HIS FIANCÉE.

CAMERA STUDIES BY KAY VAUGHAN AND ELLIOTT AND FRY.

FOKINE, MISCHA PANIEFF, and members of the Blum Ballet rehearsing the duel in the ballet "Don Juan."

PANIEFF *and* RUANOVA *in "Les Sylphides" on the opening night at the Casino Theatre, Monte Carlo.*

ACTION AND REPOSE.

NANA GOLLNER *and* NINA TARAKANOVA *walking with* M. RENÉ BLUM, *founder of the ballet, in the Casino gardens.*

Right: NINA TARAKANOVA, *in a moment of repose; with her handsome Chow Chow.*

Left: NINA TARAKANOVA, *a brilliant member of the ballet, is a member of a great Russian family.*

RUANOVA *and* TARAKANOVA *are seen feeling the mighty biceps of* PANIEFF.

Left: PANIEFF *and* RUANOVA *in a striking pose in Monte Carlo sunshine.*

Left: RUANOVA, *the ballerina from the Argentine, who made such a success in London last year.*

THE BLUM BALLETS RUSSES DE MONTE CARLO were founded last year by M. René Blum, brother of M. Léon Blum. He was formerly manager of the Monte Carlo Theatre and successor to Serge Diaghilev as manager of the Ballet Season. Direction of the choreography of

[Continued below.

Right: RUANOVA *and* PANIEFF *in a striking pose during the rehearsal hour.*

Left: MISCHA PANIEFF, *poised on the apex of a post, looks like Mercury in flight.*

Continued.]
the ballet is in the hands of Fokine. Since their last visit to London, the Blum Ballets Russes de Monte Carlo have visited South Africa. They have now returned; and opened their Monte Carlo season on April 1. On May 16 they open in Paris.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BARON.

Right: NANA GOLLNER, *one of the brilliant dancers in the new ballet, was formerly a member of the de Basil Ballet.*

RONALD
ADVENTURE:

After the aeroplane has crashed in Tibetan mountains, the refugees encounter a rescue party, in Columbia's "LOST HORIZON," *the film, at the Tivoli, based on James Hilton's novel. The group shows (l. to r.) Robert Conway* (RONALD COLMAN)*; George Conway* (JOHN HOWARD)*, Barnard* (THOMAS MITCHELL)*, Lovett* (EDWARD EVERETT HORTON)*, and Gloria* (ISABEL JEWELL).

Robert Conway (RONALD COLMAN) *is here seen threatening an unruly mob of natives when the mystery aeroplane lands to obtain petrol supplies en route for Shangri La.*

In the remote peace of the Tibetan monastery, Robert Conway (RONALD COLMAN) *learns the secret of perfect happiness and serenity under the tuition of Sondra* (JANE WYATT).

COLMAN AND MARGO IN A TIBETAN "LOST HORIZON" DRAMA AND BEAUTY.

The décor provided by the (Hollywood !) Tibetan Monastery, Shangri La, whose inhabitants enjoy eternal youth, is most picturesque. Here the sorrowing followers trail up from the village to pay their last homage to their 200-year-old High Lama (Sam Jaffe).

Conway (RONALD COLMAN) *and Maria* (MARGO) *go through terrible hardships when attempting the return to the everyday world from the retreat of Shangri La.*

Right : JANE WYATT *and* MARGO *play the part of the girls, Sondra and Maria, inhabitants of Shangri La, but when Maria leaves the Tibetan retreat, a strange alteration occurs and she becomes an old woman.*

The arrival of the English. The characters include Chang (H. B. WARNER), *George* (JOHN HOWARD), *Robert* (RONALD COLMAN), *Gloria* (ISABEL JEWEL), *Barnard* (THOMAS MITCHELL), *and Lovett* (E. E. HORTON).

RONALD COLMAN *as the exhausted Robert Conway, who, at last, staggers back to the world he knows. He had been loth to leave the retreat, but was forced by his brother, who, however, failed to survive the journey.*

THE COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH AS QUEEN ELIZABETH.

The COUNTESS OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH *will take the part of Queen Elizabeth in the pageant of Queen Elizabeth's Court at the Coronation Costume Ball at the Royal Albert Hall on May 13, and is here seen, dressed for the part. The scene in which she appears was filmed last week by Universal and is an item in a news-reel. In our photograph, it will be seen that a player from a mediæval episode has strayed into the group.*

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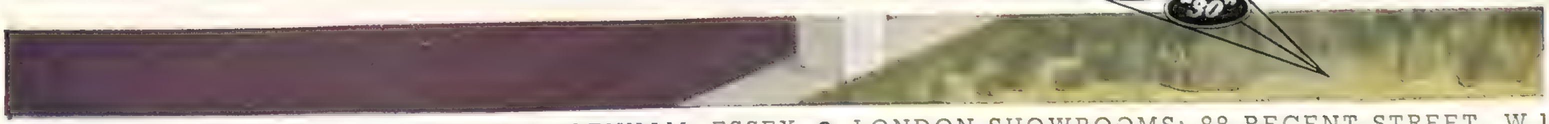

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BRAEMAR

KNITTED SPORTSWEAR

A VICTOR OF BUNKER'S HILL; AND COMPETITORS.

MISS A. M. EVERITT *won the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' Race on her Tell Nell at the Fernie Hunt Point-to-Point Races, held at Bunker's Hill, Lubenham, Market Harborough. She is seen with her trophy.*

MISS VIVIENNE EVANS *was one of the competitors in the Ladies' Race.*

MRS. MURRAY SMITH, *formerly Miss Ulrica Thynne, rode in the Ladies' Race.*

MISS M. WILSON *is here seen going out before competing in the Ladies' event.*

Right: LADY PATRICIA WILLOUGHBY, *younger daughter of the Earl of Ancaster, is seen in her riding kit.*

LADY HELENA FITZWILLIAM *rode in the Ladies' Race in these striking colours. She is the youngest and only unmarried daughter of Earl Fitzwilliam.*

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE STAGE.

By IVOR BROWN.

THE Birthday Festival at Stratford-on-Avon will this year be celebrated with sporting honours, since the races on Saturday follow the ritual of the town's great day. To this conjunction, uniting art and exercise, culture and "county," so good a son of Warwick as Shakespeare would surely have been partial. Stratford blessedly remains an English country town, despite new industries and new developments. The pig market is as much its business as the playhouse. So any play in which country matters occur takes the Stratford stage with the air of a local inhabitant who is exercising his rights.

"CYMBELINE," Shakespeare's share of which may well have been written in Stratford, is curious, difficult, confused, and yet enchanting. It is also full of flowers and fruit and love of the land. All the male parts are unrewarding, but Imogen is the loveliest of the poet's feminine creations. Miss Joyce Bland, who played Imogen last week at the Memorial Theatre, and will play Hermione in "A Winter's Tale" on the Birthday Night, is a great adjunct to the company. She has the technical certainty of one who has played the great Shakespearean parts, and with it a freshness of touch which is perfect for the part. For Imogen's rôle is long and difficult and needs experience: yet there must be the soft radiance of spring in the performance; a prudent and autumnal wisdom would destroy its lyrical fluency and flowery atmosphere of pastoral romance.

"LONDON AFTER DARK," *the new Hackett play at the Apollo. "How like an angel!" represents the idea that Ambrosia (Marion Lorne) has got about John Randall* (ROBERT ANDREWS).

Mr. Iden Payne treats the piece, with its odd medley of Ancient Rome, Ancient Britain, and the Renaissance, as a Jacobean Masque. He asks us to imagine ourselves in Whitehall in the reign of King James I., with Inigo Jones coming up as the master-decorator of his day. It is a conceit that is fully justified. This play will never make sense, but it will always make beauty, if properly handled. The Stratford production gives it the right richness, and Miss Bland's performance is an exquisite centre for this set-piece of seventeenth-century masquerade. Stratford, moreover, though all its first presentations were not received with total rapture, has this year a first-rate company, whose work will soon overcome any primary failures in production. Mr. Donald Wolfit's and Mr. Godfrey Kenton's vigorous attack, with Mr. Baliol Holloway's experience and range, set a fine pace and standard on the men's side; while Miss Clare Harris and Miss Valerie Tudor, who has made a great advance in her work, are admirable supports for Miss Bland.

"ANNA CHRISTIE," revived at the Westminster, appears to have more value as a star-vehicle than as a play standing on its own merits. The efforts of fallen women to recover their social stance are always popular, and the pathos of the prostitute endeavouring to be good, and then found out and condemned for past offences by the godly, is always "sure-fire" stuff. Mr. Eugene O'Neill, in this early piece of his, certainly brought together some familiar faces and situations on his New England shore, and he provided a rather flowery, literary treatment of his bargee and his stoker, a treatment which, in his later work, he would probably have amended. However, the point in this case is that Miss Flora Robson plays Anna, and that any part this actress touches, whether she is cast according to type or against it, she enormously enlivens and vividly commends to our compassion. So, for connoisseurs of acting, Miss Robson's Anna is obligatory. It is not, in my opinion, her best part, but all her performances are infused with an emotional vigour and vibrancy which give the playgoer a peculiar and memorable experience. When she ups and tells them, whatever the characters or whatever the play, the audience do not merely receive her voice in the ear-drum: they feel her suffering down the spine and her rage quivers at their finger-tips. There is a lively young Irishman in this piece called Mr. Niall MacGinnis; his acting lacks technical control, but it has a live coal in the fiery heart of it and such a glow is welcome in these days.

There is one author whose plays never fail or flop, and he is Mr. Hackett. There is one actress who is always the life and soul of Mr. Hackett's comical-criminal parties, and she is Miss Marion Lorne. The present site of Miss Lorne's familiar flutterings in and out of deadly conspiracies and mad misunderstandings is "LONDON AFTER DARK" (at the Apollo), and there is really no more to be said about that. Everything seems to be changing in the middle of London. Adelphis and Alhambras are lopped away. But they cannot pull down Mr. Hackett and put up a cinema, and Miss Lorne will never cease to get lost and bothered in the clever tangles which Mr. Hackett ties in three acts.

The idea that John Randall (ROBERT ANDREWS) *is angelic is merely the common confusion of Hyperion with the satyr, for he, in the meantime, is drawing a bead on the guileless Ambrosia* (MARION LORNE), *the blackguard that he is!*

The Stage Society started its winter season almost when the winter season was over. Better late than never. Its first offering, "ANGELICA," by Leo Ferrero, translated by Ossia Trilling and Emanuel Wax, was an essay in political instruction, with Harlequin, Pantaloon, and others to do the work of teaching. Moral: the Voice of the People is the Voice of Ingratitude. Man is ready to kiss the dictator's rod and revel in tyranny's chains. Those who, with a passion to liberate, interfere with their slothful acceptance of a strong man's authority will get a few cheers at the first and then be let down with a bump or even bumped off with a bang. To this gloomy view of political society Signor Ferrero brought a slender but authentic vein of wit and the producer a large team of players who lacked nothing in enthusiasm but much in skill and preparation. Amid a rather rough-and-tumble rendering, one admired the witty charm of Miss Gertrude Musgrove, who deserved a better part; the declamation of Mr. Colin Keith-Johnston as a saviour of the people; and the polished expression of a ruthless realism by Mr. Walter Hudd. With many crowd effects and an atmosphere of fantasy to be achieved, it was a difficult play to handle for a single performance. If not a finished production, there was at least a courageous attempt.

Our list of PLAYS AND FILMS YOU MUST SEE, and of those well worth seeing, will be found on page xx.

CRITICISMS IN CAMEO.

THE CINEMA.

By MICHAEL ORME.

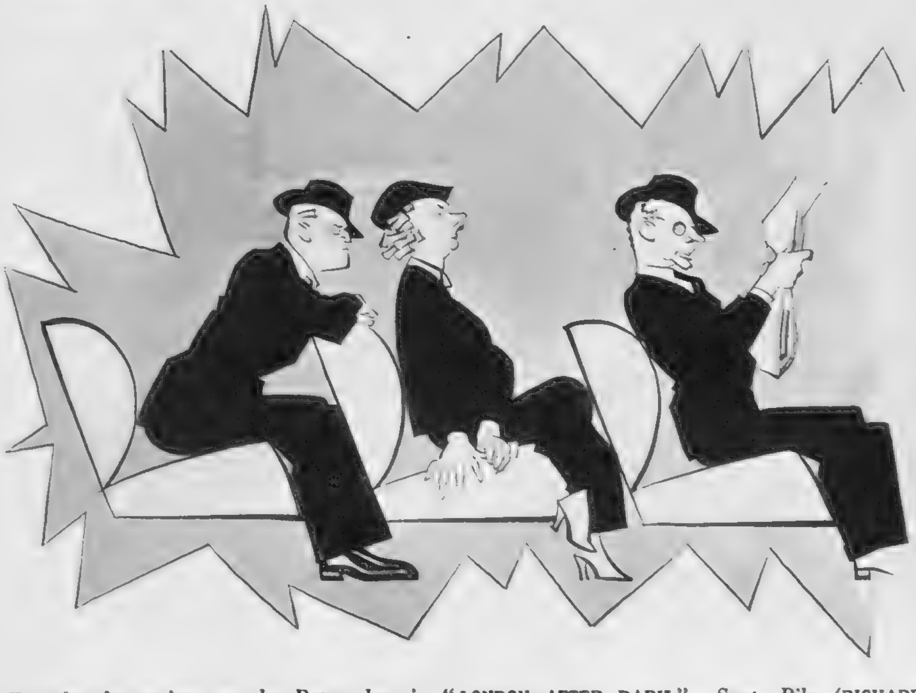
THE Viennese picture "BURGTHEATER" (Academy) is the initial effort of Forst-Films, a company formed by Willy Forst, whose name as director is inseparably linked with such fine pictures as "Mazurka" and "Unfinished Symphony." In his new production, a drama of youth and age set against a background of the famous State Theatre of Vienna in pre-war days, Mr. Forst has attuned a sentimental story, of which he is part-author, to the deliberate methods of his leading actor, Werner Krauss, with a consequent lack of pace that puts more weight on the play than its fabric can carry. Beginning, aptly enough, with an excerpt from "Faust" and an impressive shot of the theatre's crowded auditorium, the picture proceeds to develop at great length the infatuation of an elderly star, still the idol of Vienna, for a pretty little nobody. She, a tailor's daughter, is in love with an ambitious young actor, and her endeavours to further his career not only open the gates of a fool's paradise to the famous star, but come near to wrecking the young man's life. Complicated with intrigues, in which Olga Tschechowa plays her part with graceful assurance, and enlivened by Hans Moser's cosy humour, the piece is dominated by Werner Krauss in a study of an actor who does not confine his histrionics to the stage. Hortense Raky, a charming newcomer, and Willy Eichberger, as the eager novice, bring freshness to their interludes in a handsomely staged picture that has its moments of dramatic tension but needs a brisker tempo to maintain its interest at an even level.

P.C. Reginald Sinclair (EDWIN STYLES)*—not, by the way, Reginald Sinclair, P.C., he being one of the new model constabulary—has some intimate questions to put to Ambrosia* (MARION LORNE) *in* "LONDON AFTER DARK," *about murder, robbery, and general evilness. She is by now an "usherette," invariably murmuring "Mind the step" before stumbling headlong into the dark.*

A rambling tale of marital misunderstandings alternates, in "BANJO ON MY KNEE" (Regal), with song-and-dance numbers, one of which, a negro ensemble, elaborately staged, is reminiscent of "Show-Boat," whose atmosphere, indeed, lingers in stray shreds and patches about this story of the dwellers in a shanty-boat community. Hero and heroine, violently separated on their wedding-day, are destined to meet and part throughout the picture, before a final reconciliation and a terrific storm on the turbulent Mississippi lands them in each other's arms for good and all. The plot, with all its protagonists in tow, finds its way from the floating homes of the river folk to a café in New Orleans, where Barbara Stanwyck croons, and which Joel McCrea, returning from one of his several wanderings, breaks up in approved "rough-house" style. The most refreshing feature of a loosely-knit and indeterminate entertainment is Walter Brennan's portrait of a river patriarch, who finds musical solace on a one-man-band "contraption" that includes a xylophone made of old bottles. His joyous performance on this concentrated orchestra built *à la* Heath Robinson is worthy of the fame it brings him in New Orleans.

The escapades of a runaway prima donna furnish light and agreeable entertainment in "THAT GIRL FROM PARIS" (Carlton), in which the diminutive operatic star Lily Pons has abundant opportunity to exploit her fine voice and her comedic gifts. Sailing serenely on to the screen as a bride about to be wedded to a wealthy impresario in Paris, she jilts him at the altar in a sudden thirst for freedom. She finds it in America, whither she trails a handsome jazz-band leader, though she has to smuggle herself across as a stowaway. Lily is a limpet, albeit a charming one, and the rest of the story is concerned with the efforts of the four bandsmen to shake her off, or, alternatively, to keep her hidden and, in the case of the leader, to avoid falling in love with her. Their defeat on all counts culminates in an amusing climax wherein the unfortunate impresario is left stranded at the altar once again, this time for the sake of Gene Raymond, who, if a hesitant lover, makes a pleasant hero. Miss Pons, ranging from ballad to grand opera, from "The Blue Danube" in a cabaret to a beautifully rendered *aria* in "The Barber of Seville" at the Metropolitan Opera House, enchants the ear with her liquid soprano, and joins in the hustle of constant pursuit and escape with delightful zest. Jack Oakie's good-natured and resourceful drummer is chief purveyor of the humour in a picture that is skilfully devised to embrace music and mirth, well acted and effectively staged.

"LOST HORIZON," a remarkable book by James Hilton that must, I think, have impressed itself indelibly on the minds of all who read it, has been brought to the screen with a pictorial magnificence and a realisation of its spirit which invest the picture with the same haunting quality possessed by the work that inspired it. This mighty production, presented at the Tivoli, carries the collaboration of the director, Frank Capra, and the scenario writer, Robert Riskin, into a very different world from that of their masterly comedies—a world of dreams and mysteries and sweeping spectacle. This is the strange story of Robert Conway, diplomat, soldier, and idealist, whom we first encounter in a scene of frenzied activity evacuating a handful of whites from a Chinese city threatened by revolutionaries. The last 'plane to escape, in which Conway and his fellow-travellers hope to reach Shanghai, suddenly heads for Tibet and lands them, after a perilous journey, in the lamasery of Shangri La, where peace and kindness reign and time has come to a halt. Conway has been kidnapped, to find his Utopia, from which he is persuaded to escape and to which he wins his way back against terrible odds. Frank Capra's brilliant direction of a theme that makes demands on our imagination balances symbolism with humour and romance, whilst Ronald Colman blends the man of action with the dreamer in an admirable portrayal. Edward Everett Horton's fussy geologist and H. B. Warner's gentle philosopher are outstanding in an excellent company.



Everyday happenings on the Putney bus in "LONDON AFTER DARK." *Supt. Pike* (RICHARD GRAY) *suspects Ambrosia* (MARION LORNE) *of carrying fifty stolen pounds upon her, but Ambrosia has slipped the guilty handbag to John Randall* (ROBERT ANDREWS)*—a stranger to her—who conceals it in his newspaper. Neither Pike nor Ambrosia knows that Randall is an assassin. The suspense continues!*

TOPICAL NEWS BUDGET.

MRS. J. ALLSOPP *(Berkshire), who partnered Miss Stobart in the "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes, wore a black velvet suit.*

MISS H. L. K. COOK *(Beaconsfield) carried her own clubs—a hefty bagful—in the second round of the "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes.*

The "BYSTANDER" LADIES' NORTHERN FOURSOMES *were played last week at Birkdale, Lancs. This shows the home green and modern club-house which, from a distance, suggests a ship at sea.*

MR. HENRY S. HORNE *and* LADY O'NEILL *at the lunch Mr. Horne gave to discuss plans for the High Spirit Ball at Grosvenor House to-night, April 21, in aid of the Licensed Victuallers' School and Benevolent Institution.*

Left: MRS. DALE BOURNE *and* MR. SCOTT *attended Mr. Horne's lunch to discuss the High Spirit Ball fixed for to-night, April 21.*

The marriage of MR. ROMNEY BRENT, *the well-known actor, to* MISS GINA MALO, *the popular musical comedy star, took place last week at Hampstead Register Office.*

Right: The DE MARCOS, *known as the world's most highly paid ball-room dancers, are to present their new creation, the "Coronation Waltz," at the Grosvenor House Coronation Cabaret, which opens on April 29. Here they are taking their dogs, Dobermann-Pinschers, out walking—the animals wear boots as well as coats in bad weather!*

PHOTOGRAPH BY ING. ROBERT HAAS, VIENNA.

CONDUCTING DURING THE CORONATION: TOSCANINI.

Since that great conductor SIGNOR ARTURO TOSCANINI *retired from the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, he has conducted in Europe and Palestine, and his series of concerts with the B.B.C. Orchestra is one of the chief musical events of Coronation season. The dates are May 26, May 28, June 2, June 4, June 14, and June 16, and it is stated that Toscanini's fee is £3000. He celebrated his 70th birthday in Milan last month. Our photograph was taken during a conversation between the maestro and a friend.*

LORD DESBOROUGH AT HOME AT HIS WHITESLEA BIRD SANCTUARY.

This is one of the first photographs which LORD DESBOROUGH, K.G., G.C.V.O., *has allowed to be taken of himself and his wife in his Whiteslea Bird Sanctuary at Hickling, Norfolk, in which he is greatly interested. It is renowned for the many rare birds which have been attracted to it and kept within its boundaries. Here* LORD *and* LADY DESBOROUGH *are starting off to punt about among the reeds.*

LORD DESBOROUGH, *who, at the age of eighty-one, has decided to retire from the Thames Conservancy Board, on which he has been the representative of the Board of Trade for forty-two years, and Chairman for thirty-two years, is seen with two of his grandsons, the* HON. JOHN GAGE *(left) and the* HON. NICOLAS GAGE.

Left: *The* HON. NICOLAS GAGE, *younger son of Viscountess Gage and grandson of Lord and Lady Desborough, is playing with a handsome retriever in the garden of Lord Desborough's Whiteslea Bird Sanctuary.*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STANLEY M. BALLANCE, A.R.P.S., F.R.MET.SOC., F.R.A.S.

In the glamour of the Orient, on the sun-kissed shores of the Mediterranean the material for the creation of perfumes is found. Of a wide variety of musk, of amber, of civet, of sweet-scented flowers, of fragrant leaves and roots, of rich spices and rare woods, the perfumer must know how to select the best and choicest specimens. He must know how to extract and fix the sweet-smelling scents secreted in all these, how to compose them — as a piece of music — into a harmonious ensemble free from the faintest note of discord. What a wealth of patience, of tireless experimenting — often a matter of years — is needed to decide upon a really new and novel perfume, few can realise!

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BARON.

DIANA CHURCHILL OF TO-DAY'S SUCCESS — "WISE TO-MORROW."

MISS DIANA CHURCHILL *plays Joan Campion, the leading rôle in* "WISE TO-MORROW," *the successful comedy at the Lyric Theatre. She wears this period costume in the scene set in the dressing-room of the theatre before Joan goes on to make her great hit on the stage. The play deals with the conflict between the young actress's theatrical ambitions and her marriage plans.*

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AGAIN a print, this time small and vivid, making the moulded jersey dress photographed below. It has a short and youthful bolero, and the corsage is draped to the left side in blue crêpe with long sash ends at the side back.

A FROCK for important occasions: a frock that has dignity, and line, and colour. Everything that will make it stand out from crowds. Robert Piguet's inspiration in printed taffeta patterned with enormous flowers and accented, on one shoulder and train, with wide frills

MORE simple, and infinitely graceful, the picture frock on the left is made in fish-net tulle and midnight-blue faille. The foundation is quite short, and through the swirling tulle one glimpses the ankles. Robert Piguet, who creates a spontaneous youthfulness that is irresistible, is showing his beautiful Collection for the spring and summer in his new salons at 47, Grosvenor Street, London, W.

THE SKETCH

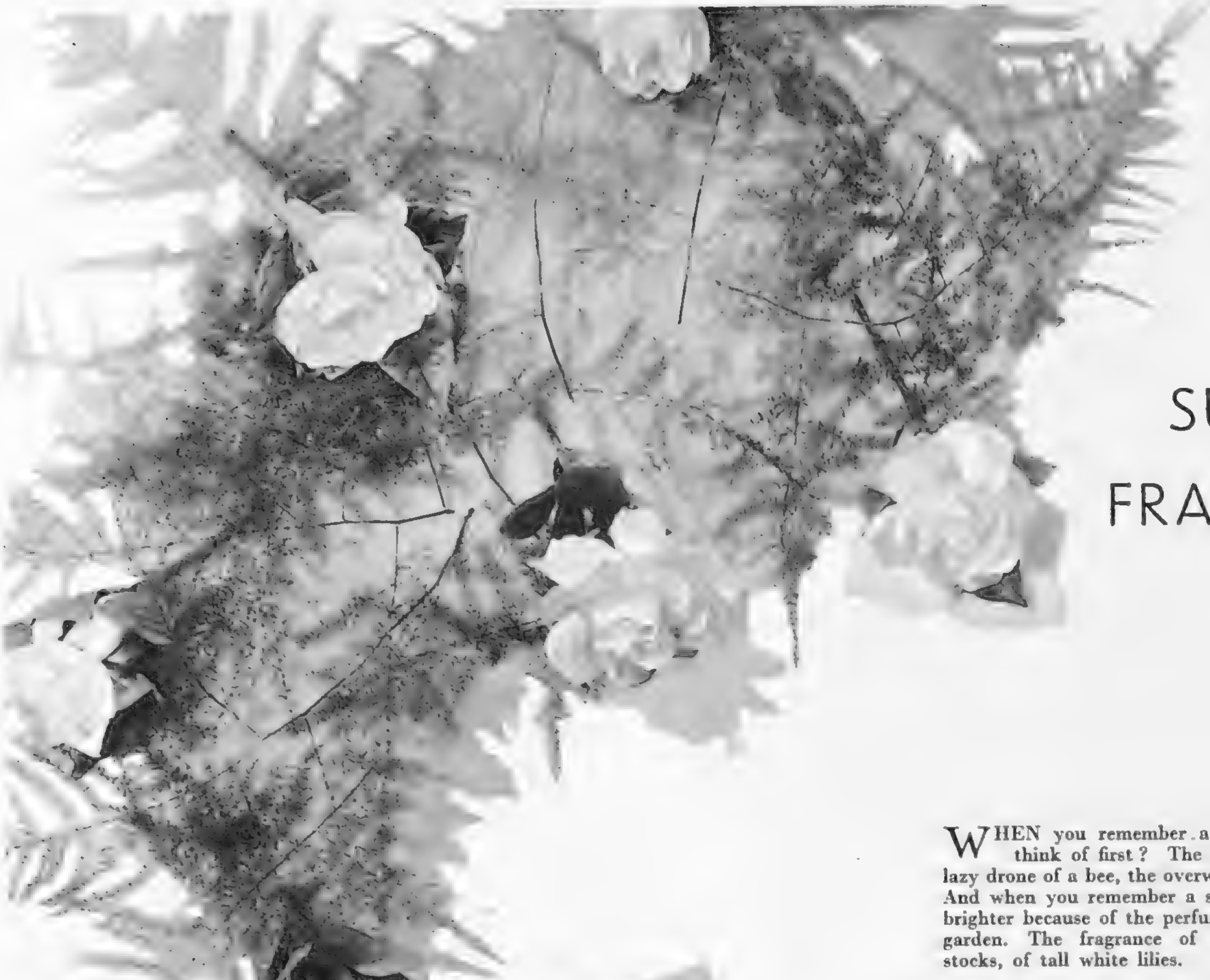
EDITED BY

DEEP soft blue and red—two colours that are always lovely together and that are now especially liked—are allied in the evening dress of organza shown below. The skirt is pleated and the red is inset between them, the buckle and the buttons taking up both tones. This is one of the charming and infinitely varied models that Paquin is showing in Paris and in his London salon at 39, Dover Street, W.

COLOUR this year is used boldly to give character to floating dance dresses that usually are made in the softest of flower shades. Paquin does it in the frock that is shown above, for the scalloped lines are brown and the ground is white organza. The circular *motifs* breathe the very spirit of Coronation decorations, but the combination of the two colours most cleverly restrains its buoyancy.

DIARY OF FASHION

OLIVE CALEY-SMITH



SUMMER FRAGRANCE

WHEN you remember a summer day, what do you think of first? The scent of new-mown hay, the lazy drone of a bee, the overwhelming sweetness of flowers. And when you remember a summer night, the stars shine brighter because of the perfume that rises from a country garden. The fragrance of tobacco plants, of scented stocks, of tall white lilies.

But summer soon passes, and only the soul of the flowers is left, the soul that is captured and held by science so that woman may be more lovely. Perfume is an integral part of her charm, especially the delicate, pure scents of single flowers.

Can anything equal the gardenia, elusive, poised, and unforgettable? Bronnley's have caught its perfection and held it throughout their entire series. See how delicious you will feel if you start the day by softening the water of your bath with their Bath Crystals. Then use their soothing Beauty Soap, their Dusting and Talcum powders. Finally, just a touch of perfume, and you will leave a haunting memory as rare as gardenias themselves.

ENGLISH Fern has the light freshness of woods in spring, crisp and exhilarating—an ideal out-door perfume. This is another Bronnley favourite, and here again you should use the complete series if you would know it at its best. The English Fern Beauty Soap, Bath Crystals, and Dusting Powder are shown in the photograph on the right, and the jet black Gardenia bottles are shown above.

the 36th tee
and
all square
—a poor drive
and
you're
"on edge . . ."

ever noticed
how
a cigarette,
at such moments,
will
in some
curious way
pull you
together again . . .

completely
restoring
that
all-important
confidence
in
yourself?

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By L. P. HARTLEY.

MR. NABOKOFF-SIRIN'S new novel, "Despair," is a curiously baffling and tantalising story. Most contemporary Russian fiction is baffling but not tantalising. It baffles because, try as he will, the least sophisticated European reader cannot adapt his mind to the astonishing *naïveté* of these authors: he may be able to see what their characters are crying over, but he can seldom tell what they are laughing at; their simplicity, if such it be, belongs to a different order of consciousness from his own. The boundless rejoicing occasioned by the sight of a tractor, for instance—but I need not enumerate further.

A Man and His Double.

"Despair," however, has little about it that recalls Russian literature either of the new or the old régime, except perhaps in the matter of the title; for despair is, or was, a national characteristic. It is also, to be sure, a story with a murder in it, and such are as common in Russia as here. But this is no fortuitous killing, committed in high spirits or under the influence of drink; it is a contrived murder, a capitalist murder for gain; and the novel is a kind of detective story, told by the criminal himself. Hermann Carlovitch, a Russian whose father before the Revolution had been agent on a great estate, is now living in Berlin, married to Lydia, and working in a chocolate business. This business takes him to Prague, and having nothing to do, he goes for a walk.

> It was a fast, fresh, blue-dappled day; the wind . . . winged its course along the narrow streets; a cloud every now and then palmed the sun, which reappeared like a conjurer's coin. The public garden, where invalids were hand-pedalling about, was a storm of heaving lilac bushes.

As always, exquisitely sensitive to the beauties of landscape and the feeling and colour of the day, Hermann continues his walk until, on the top of a hill, he finds a tramp. He is struck with amazement; for the tramp is his double.

MR. COLIN KEITH JOHNSTON *and* MISS GERTRUDE MUSGROVE *are here seen as Orlando and Angelica in the Stage Society production of "Angelica," an interesting modern satire by the late Leo Ferrero, son of Professor Guglielmo Ferrero, the distinguished historian who has contributed many articles to our sister-paper "The Illustrated London News." "Angelica" is concerned with a young man who, having freed a city from its tyrant, finds the citizens unprepared for tolerant democracy and dies a martyr to Liberal idealism. Miss Gertrude Musgrove, who played the title-rôle, is the wife of Mr. Vincent Korda. "Angelica" was successfully given in Paris last autumn.*

The Flaw.

At this point we half-expect the story to turn into a transcendental romance, and I still rather wish it had. Instead, of that it betakes itself to Berlin and describes, in the author's fragmentary, vivid, impressionist fashion, Hermann's relations with his friends and his wife Lydia, who is bewildered by his brilliance and restless and unhappy because of his unkindness. She finds some solace in the company of Ardalion, a painter for whose talents Hermann has the utmost contempt. Contempt is his natural state of mind; his intelligence, which is tremendously active, destroys everything it touches. Quite when the idea of murdering his double, Felix, occurs to him we are not told; but he lays his plans in the most cold-blooded manner and they seem watertight. Felix will be found dead, dressed in his clothes, and everyone will think it is he, Hermann, who has been murdered: everyone, that is, except Lydia, who has been told that the corpse is Hermann's brother, a young man at once suicidal and benevolent. Determined that his death should be of advantage to someone, the brother, Hermann tells her, has devised this plan so that they may be able to claim his life insurance. Hermann is to disappear for a time and then join Lydia abroad, where, after a short courtship, and with a new name, he will re-marry her. The plot works perfectly, as far as the murder; it breaks down for the last reason Hermann would ever have anticipated. Nobody else thought that the corpse, his double as he supposed, was in the least like him.

An Allegory?

This is very dramatic and effective and should, one feels, point to a heart of allegory in the story. But does it? I searched in vain for the "over" or "under" meaning of Mr. Sirin's story. Every now and then he throws out a clue, but only to make fun of it:

> It even seems to me sometimes that my basic theme, the resemblance between two persons, has a profound allegorical meaning. This remarkable physical likeness appealed to me (subconsciously!) as the promise of that ideal sameness which is to unite people in the classless society of the future; and by striving to make use of an isolated case, I was, though still blind to social truths—fulfilling, nevertheless, a certain social function. . . . In fancy, I see a new world, where all men will resemble one another as Hermann and Felix did; a world of Helixes and Fermanns; a world where the worker fallen dead at his stand will be at once replaced by his perfect double, smiling the serene smile of perfect socialism.

Obviously Mr. Sirin does not mean his fable, if fable it be, to bear this interpretation. Perhaps it may be taken to mean that no man, even the cleverest, knows anything about himself; he does not even know what he looks like, since he can imagine a facial resemblance where none exists. Or again, it may be a parable of the instinct for self-destruction working itself out in practical form. Mr. Sirin does not tell us. Perhaps he wishes his story to be read as a pure fantasy. But in that case it is a little thin; marvel as we may at Hermann's intellectual gymnastics we tire of the display if we feel that for all its brilliance it does not make a pattern, and is simply the meaningless activity of a mind half-crazed by its own scepticism. I cannot help feeling that I may have missed some guide-post which readers with a keener eye for

[*Continued on page* XVIII.

Honeymoon of 1937

I KNOW where we're going for our honeymoon. Do you, by Jove? Well, I'm in your hands. Where? The Riviera . . BY AIR Oh . . . But what about luggage? How on earth do you suppose we're getting all *your* stuff on an Air Liner? That's very simple, Sylvia's giving me a Travelling Case from Mappins; they're lovely things, scientifically designed for Air Travel and to contain every necessity of Life.

● *A full range of Catalogues are available should you be unable to call at our Showrooms.*

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With Enamel and Sterling Silver Fittings £27 10 0
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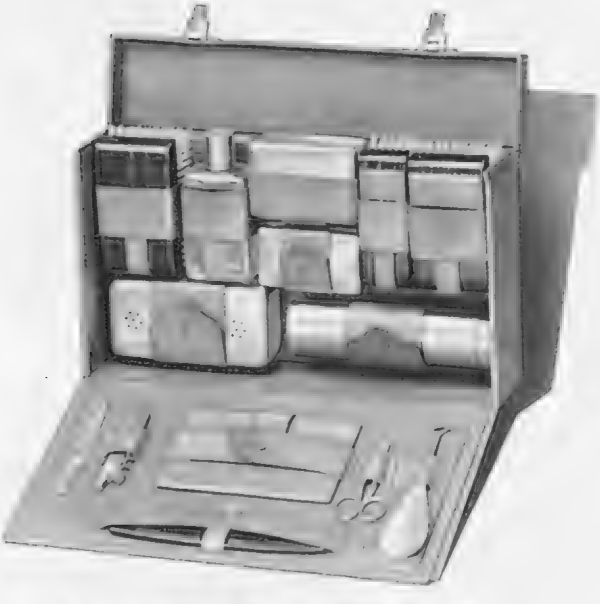

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FOLLOWING THROUGH.

By SANDY BUNKER.

It appears to me that golf is becoming more and more a spectacle, and the time may soon arrive when it may be necessary to restrict the number of spectators at big tournaments. I have no idea how this is to be done, but for the comfort of those who follow the play, as well as for the contestants, something must be done if the interest in the game continues to grow. Sometimes almost unwieldy crowds attend championships; in recent years it has been found necessary to barricade and rope off certain parts of the Old Course at St. Andrews during championships there; and similar expedients are necessitated at almost every course where an important tournament is in progress. The biggest attendance I have ever seen at a golf event was the crowd at Southport during the Ryder Cup match four years ago. This was estimated at 30,000, and it does not need much imagination to visualise scenes of confusion with such a horde on the course. What will happen during the match between Great Britain and the United States, which takes place on the Southport and Ainsdale Club's course in June next, I cannot imagine, but I know the club is making arrangements to cater for a big crowd.

The official opening of the GORING HALL GOLF CLUB *at Ham Manor, Angmering, Sussex, took place recently. A thirty-six-hole four-ball match was played between Alfred Padgham and Henry Cotton v. R. A. Whitcombe and James Adams to mark the occasion. This shows the handsome club-house, from the garden front.*

Exclusive—and of Championship Class. It was while watching the play in the big professional tournament at Little Aston, near Birmingham, recently, that the impression that golf is becoming a spectacle was brought home to me. The Little Aston course, where the acknowledged leaders of British professional golf were competing for the *Daily Mail* £2000 prizes, is not what might be termed a "popular" course; rather does it come into the category of "exclusive." It is about nine miles from Birmingham, does not advertise itself, nor even encourage big meetings; in fact, the professional event was the first big tournament held there since T. P. Perkins won the English Amateur Championship on that course ten years ago. Nevertheless, the attendance of spectators far exceeded expectations. Some, no doubt, came to see the delightful course, as well as the play, and, like me, probably wondered why prejudice against inland courses precludes the use of such magnificent greens as Little Aston for the Amateur Championship. It is a better course than many "seaside" links, a more adequate test of the golfers' skill, and is far enough away in the country to deter the "mobs"—that is the only word—which sometimes attend championships on Scottish seaside links. It was the first professional tournament of national importance held there, but Little Aston has a geniality which pervades the whole atmosphere of the club, so that it can deal adequately with unusual situations. It is one of those clubs where golf and geniality are delightfully intermingled, and real golf and real hospitality are bywords with the club, which retains (intentionally, mark you) one of the smallest memberships in the country.

Inland Courses. That inland courses can provide adequate tests of golf for the giants of the game was evidenced in the £2000 Tournament. The greatest professionals in the country played actually 304 rounds over Little Aston, and only five cards of under 70 were returned, although the golf was generally of a high standard. That appears to be a definite proof that inland courses such as this can test the champions. There is another aspect of the first big tournament of the season that deserves consideration. It is that a new school is beginning to assert itself. When two assistant professionals return the best scores in such a strong field, it seems obvious that there are youthful professional golfers who should adequately fill the places of the older men, unless the game breaks their hearts. I never saw a more disappointed golfer than Max Faulkner, an assistant who suddenly jumped into the leading place, which he shared with Henry Cotton at the end of the second round. He had a record score of 68 to gain the lead—he had two rounds of 78 each on the final day and finished far down the list. But he is only twenty years of age, and doubtless will meet other obstacles in his path to glory. Faulkner is the type to surmount them. Sam King, another assistant professional, who broke the twenty-four-hours-old record on the final day and successfully staked a claim to the first prize of £500, is another of the young men who may be our future champions. It is a long time since any golfer has accomplished a score comparable with King's. He went round Little Aston, where the scratch score is 75, in 67 and 69 in consecutive rounds on the same day. So far as I can recall, no golfer has every accomplished such a brilliant performance. Henry Cotton, who had set himself the task of four rounds of 71 each, and had the extremely good scores of 71, 72, 72, 72, because he did not putt so well as he wished, was second. He would not have won had he achieved his ambition of 71's, for he finished four strokes behind King. The other players who broke 70 were Charles Whitcombe and Pat Mahon, the smiling little Royal Dublin professional, who each had 69's in the last round and tied for third place. Mahon will one of these days surprise English golfers. He is still a young man and a great player. If evidence of this were needed, it is only necessary to recall that on the final day at Little Aston he had thirty-six holes in 139 (70 and 69), which is eleven under scratch score.

S. L. KING, *assistant professional at Knole Park, Sevenoaks, won the "Daily Mail" Professional Tournament at Little Aston, Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham, with an aggregate score of 283 for four rounds. H. Cotton was second with 287.*

W. DEAN *(right), the professional at the new Goring Hall Golf Club, Ham Manor, Angmering, Sussex, is seen outside the golf shop with his assistant,* C. WHITING.

Another great professional meeting begins to-day (April 21) on the Moor Park course, Rickmansworth, Herts. All the great men are taking part in the Silver King Professional Tournament, and after this we shall probably be ready to follow America's example in choosing some of the players to take part in the Ryder Cup match.

ANIMO ET FIDE

ROVER

"One of Britain's Fine Cars"

CITY NOTES.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL.

THE lift, going down, stopped at the third floor. In stepped another Stock Exchange man. Coincidence is too common in Stock Exchange experience for it to excite more than passing comment. That two members, who met every day in the House, should not have known they were staying in the same hotel was strange, but——

" There are stranger things than this going on in the markets, aren't there ? " said the broker. " Funny show, our place."

" You move about in the midst of opportunities for making a fortune every day," replied the other, " and yet, if you put a finger in the pie, it 's ten to one that you 'll get bitten."

" That 's what worries me ; instead of the odds being fifty-fifty in favour of your doing the right thing, they are much more like ten to one against, as you say. Can't make it out."

" I suppose it is because you and I act in exactly the same way as everybody else does. We are fond of saying that the public are always wrong. *Ergo*, you and I are wrong, too. Your call : I 'm in the chair."

They had sauntered into the pleasant smaller lounge on the ground floor.

" What I like about this place is that it 's cheerful without being noisy ; always something amusing to watch : no chance of getting bored. Happy days ! "

" Cheerio ! These hotels must be doing marvellously well out of the Coronation. You can hardly see London now. It 's buried under tiers of seats or hidden behind miles of timber."

" They tell me that you can't buy steel for love or money, if you want early delivery. Government contracts, rearmament, blocks of flats—all that kind of thing. I don't know how true it is, but my man is in the trade himself."

" The iron and steel companies must be making record earnings."

" Well, you know that people were rather disappointed with the recent Vickers figures."

" Don't you think we get into the way of expecting rather too much ? Here, Mussolini ! Two more, please."

A party of five people passed by, one of them looking none too happy. He brightened up on seeing the broker, and bent down to whisper.

" I know," replied the broker with understanding. " Been in the same position myself. Sit down and have a cocktail. You won't be missed, and we are only talking shop."

" It 's the iron and steel shares——"

" Can't help being all right for a year or two, can they ? I 've got a few, and I certainly shan't let them go just yet."

" You may get frightened out. That slump the week before last——"

" Pretty trying, wasn't it ? As it happened, and more by luck than judgment, I was a bull of precious little stock just then. Otherwise I should have felt very inclined to turn it out for what it would fetch, as so many other people did."

" We were just saying that it 's generally wrong to go with the crowd, but that we all do it, and lose our money in consequence."

" I told you, didn't I, that I took your tip in Nickel, and sold a modest bear ? The result was too small to have interested you, but I am much obliged to you for three dollars on a couple of hundred shares."

The broker laughed. " I should," said he, " be thankful enough to make half your hundred and twenty pounds. Closed the shares yet ? "

" Nosey, aren't you ? As a matter of fact, I did, and put the money into Beecham's deferred for one of the kids."

" On—— ? "

" Dividend prospects. I was torn between Beechams and Spillers. The money wasn't enough to make it worth while splitting ; probably I 've bought the wrong shares."

" They 're both pretty useful," said the third man. " You ought to see a profit before long."

" Hope so, but that wasn't the idea, so much as the kid having something likely to grow into money on the dividend performance."

" You might have bought him Dog shares. They would have given him a run for his money."

" He 's a she, if you want to know. You think Dogs are all right ? "

" I think some of the companies will earn big profits if we get reasonably decent weather this summer."

" Any views ? "

" I like South London deferred and Southend deferred. South Londons have had a goodish r.se lately, and Southends are a gamble. But you asked for my views and you 've got them. G.R.A. pref. are another favourite of mine."

" The public won't look at preference shares these days."

" You 're quite right there. Isn't it a funny thing how the fashion has changed ? Six months ago, you couldn't buy them. Nowadays, it 's none too easy to sell the gilt-edged preference—let alone the others."

" Now you 're exaggerating ; there 's generally a market in most of them. Oh, no ; not always, I admit. But they will come again : you see if they don't. Investors will always want sound preference shares."

" Probably ; at lower prices, though. A good many thousand pounds of genuine investment money have gone into rubber shares during the past three years, and it will stay there for a long time, as you and I know. Excuse me, here are my people. See you here later on."

" . . . and you are met at Broadcasting House by a well-gowned hostess, who sees that everything is all right. Your script has to be on special paper that makes no sound when you turn over each sheet.

" They take no end of pains to get the sound-control perfect, and, I tell you, your heart beats a bit quicker as you watch the hands on the clock get nearer and nearer to the time that you come on the air."

" Their timing must be pretty good. I wonder, by the way, if it 's time to buy E.M.I. ? "

" They tell me that Molasses are worth having. You 've been in and out once or twice, haven't you ? I don't think you will do much harm by another small dash."

" Right you are. How about a mouthful of food, first ? I 'm as empty as a barrel."

" Steel Barrel ? "

" What is that ? "

" You don't know the concern ? Steel Barrel and Scammell is the full title, I think. Oh, yes ; there 's a market in the shares. Company 's having a pretty prosperous time, I believe. We started dealing in the shares some time ago."

The head waiter came forward and found them a table suitable for what had now grown to a party of six. The grill-room was full ; as, indeed, is usually the case. Its popularity has been earned, and is retained, by the qualities essential to any hotel that relies upon something more permanent than the caprice of fashion.

The talk drifted round to mining shares. Two of the party confessed to having had very narrow escapes from nasty losses in the shake-out previously mentioned.

" Roosevelt little knew what trouble he was causing——"

" Was it Roosevelt's fault, think you ? He didn't start the rumour that America meant to stop her purchases of gold."

" Possibly not. But it was he, and nobody else, who said that commodities and metals were too high——"

" So they were. And still are. Think of copper ; think of tin ; think——"

" I 'd rather watch the cabaret, if you don't mind. Supposing that Roosevelt is correct and that prices are too high. Do you mean to say it 's right to make a violent speech that upsets everything straight away, and all but causes a slump ? Can't see any sense in that, myself."

" Well, the effect of his policy has been to shake out the weaker brethren——"

" Nearly ruining them in the process."

" Americans are not troubled by the same prejudice against being ruined that we old-fashioned British folk have. They recover much more quickly."

" That may be. My point is that I resent having the prices of my stocks and shares at the mercy of a political experimentalist who——"

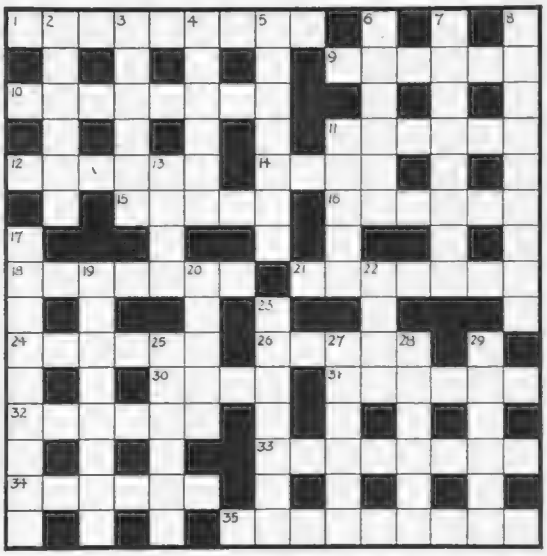
" Never mind. Keep your mining shares : gold, copper, tin, wolfram, lead, what not. The companies will pay you good dividends. The prices—well, you must always be prepared for surprises if you put money into mines. Have one of these cigars and make your miserable life happy."

" That ought not to be very difficult in London at Coronation time. Especially," he added, carefully removing the band, " when your host has as sound a judgment in cigars as the Piccadilly Hotel has in comfort."

" And the mining markets have in shocks ! " the broker laughed.

Friday, April 16, 1937.

OUR CROSS-WORD PUZZLE.



ACROSS.

1. Gratis meals in this part of ship ? (9).
9. That 's quite ineffective ! To make it useful in France, file off head (6).
10. Storing garment (8).
11. Special knowledge of spiritual mysteries (6).
12. South American mountain system (6).
14. A painter (4).
15. Eastern instrument has Spanish cousin (5).
16. Hospital corrupted from Bethlehem (6).
18. " Come thou to my side and —— for me," said Clarence to the Second Murderer (7).
21. Friend of Julius Cæsar and Pompey, died, it is said, of gold (7).
24. Throw out ? On the contrary (6).
26. Destroy an Abyssinian prince, if you have the heart ! (5).
30. A priest (4).
31. Old slang for sixpence (6).
32. Incarnation (6).
33. Name of only English Pope (8).
34. Masculine half of money thrown away (6).
35. May be Japanese or Cornish in struggling circumstances (9).

DOWN.

2. Naval reprimand for rank (6).
3. Only half Carlyle's birthplace represented ? Well, that takes the cake ! (6).
4. A line (6).
5. Yellow-flowered plant called after tattered leaves (7).
6. French lady's reputation is blasted ? (6).
7. Mystery food—but well known, alas ! (8.)
8. Looks on dark side of things (probably wearing belt *and* braces) (9).
11. Scoffer descends from the Rock (5).
13. General's " general " (4).
17. Belgian girl had grit, but lover finally proved a bit of an ass (9).
19. Glorious monument to a woman (two words) (3 and 5).
20. The soul of a rose (5).
22. Found in church (4).
23. Breadwinner on the streets till decapitated (7).
25. This house was " Bonnie Dundee " (6).
27. Ancient and somewhat fatherly cuss can be reckoned on ? (6).
28. Give immortal part (6).
29. Engage a lawyer (6).

This England . . .

Porlock Bay, showing Hurlstone Point

BEHIND the sheltered strand of this gently curving bay lies Exmoor—country of wild ponies, stern heights and legendary mists. Such sudden contrasts, side by side, are typical of the English scene — the rough with the smooth, the gentle cheek by jowl with the strong. So, too, with the character of the people and their ways — even the grand old English beer shows it, soft yet of strong heart, full of tang yet round upon the tongue. But no doubt you already know your Worthington.

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Burberry Knitwear Folder and prices on mention of "The Sketch."

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SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE.

(Continued from page 116.)

But Dame Marthe leaned a little further out into the dark. "Oh, it 's you!" she said, and Marc could not deny that she sounded disappointed. But he asked, might he not come up, for one word, for one minute?

She answered tartly that the door was locked. "Yes, that old thing has locked me in," she added, and if Marc had been wise he would have taken warning at her voice, which was not sweet. But he missed the warning. His lover's melancholy was suddenly converted to the ardour of a rescuing paladin. There was a gutter-pipe above the water-butt; it was far easier than the big pear-tree at Avesnes. He was up and astride the window-ledge.

"Sweet creature!" he said, and then had to duck so nimbly that he almost lost his balance, for the sweet creature had made a good attempt at boxing his ears.

"Impudent schoolboy!" she cried.

That was too much for Marc. He was into the room, had his hands on her shoulders, and was shaking her like a rag doll; then he put both arms round her and kissed her a number of times without any regard for politeness or her comfort. Then he let her go.

She drew away from him; her tall, pointed hennin, with its trailing wisp of green silk, was pushed all awry, but her face was quite calm; only there was a fire lit in her slow eyes so that they seemed to smoulder.

"Well," she said, "I see you are saucy enough, at least, to pass for a man."

It was a qualified compliment, but Marc's vanity escaped a wound, for his attention was on something else. He had just woken to the fact that the two women were—and presumably had been—watching events from the doorway of a little inner room. He said nothing, but his jaw must have dropped perceptibly, for Dame Marthe turned and looked over her shoulder.

"It 's only the wenches," she said, and laughed. Then, as if to humour him: "Go in, girls, and shut the door."

They went in giggling, and Marc was not too pleased to see that she seemed to share their joke.

Still, when she allowed him to lead her into the room, drooping upon his arm with a most submissive languor, he had little to complain of. And when they sat down together he found her all that the most ardent lover could ask for: melting, yielding, even hungry for kisses. Indeed, her lips seemed to cling to his, and her arms clasped him with surprising strength.

And he might have liked it, but for one thing. The latch of the door of that little inner room must have been out of order, and there must have been a strong draught within to prevent it shutting; anyway, it would not stay shut, and it took both the maids, giggling and peeping and whispering, to keep it from swinging right open. Marc could not like it.

He tried to free his mouth from the lady's to tell her to keep her wenches in order, but her lips clung closer and the clasp of her arms grew more urgent. He was too much perturbed to realise that he was exerting quite a fair amount of strength in an effort to free himself. He only knew that he was very uncomfortable and growing rather cross. Then, without any warning, her arms loosened and she snatched herself away from him. The maids' tittering and whispering stopped, and there was a silence. And in the silence Marc heard the sound of stumbling, uncertain feet on the stairs—the fat knight coming home from the feasting.

During the next frozen minute Marc felt everything proper to the occasion—rage, humiliation, and a sort of horrid mental paralysis. And yet there was something else too obscure and altogether too irregular to be acknowledged; it simply could not be that he was experiencing relief. At all events, he could not stay there. He found himself outside the window, hanging from the gutter, with the light above summarily cut off by the slamming of the shutters. He dropped to the ground like an overripe apple.

The sun was not yet above the horizon next morning when Marc and his people rode out of the inn yard. He was glad when a lift of ground hid all of Hirson from him; and yet he was not in the least eager to be at Avesnes; he knew too well just what Blanche would say, and to-day he was prepared to believe her.

[Continued overleaf.

FASHIONABLE FLATS.

Actual photograph showing a single-roomed flat at Nell Gwynn House.

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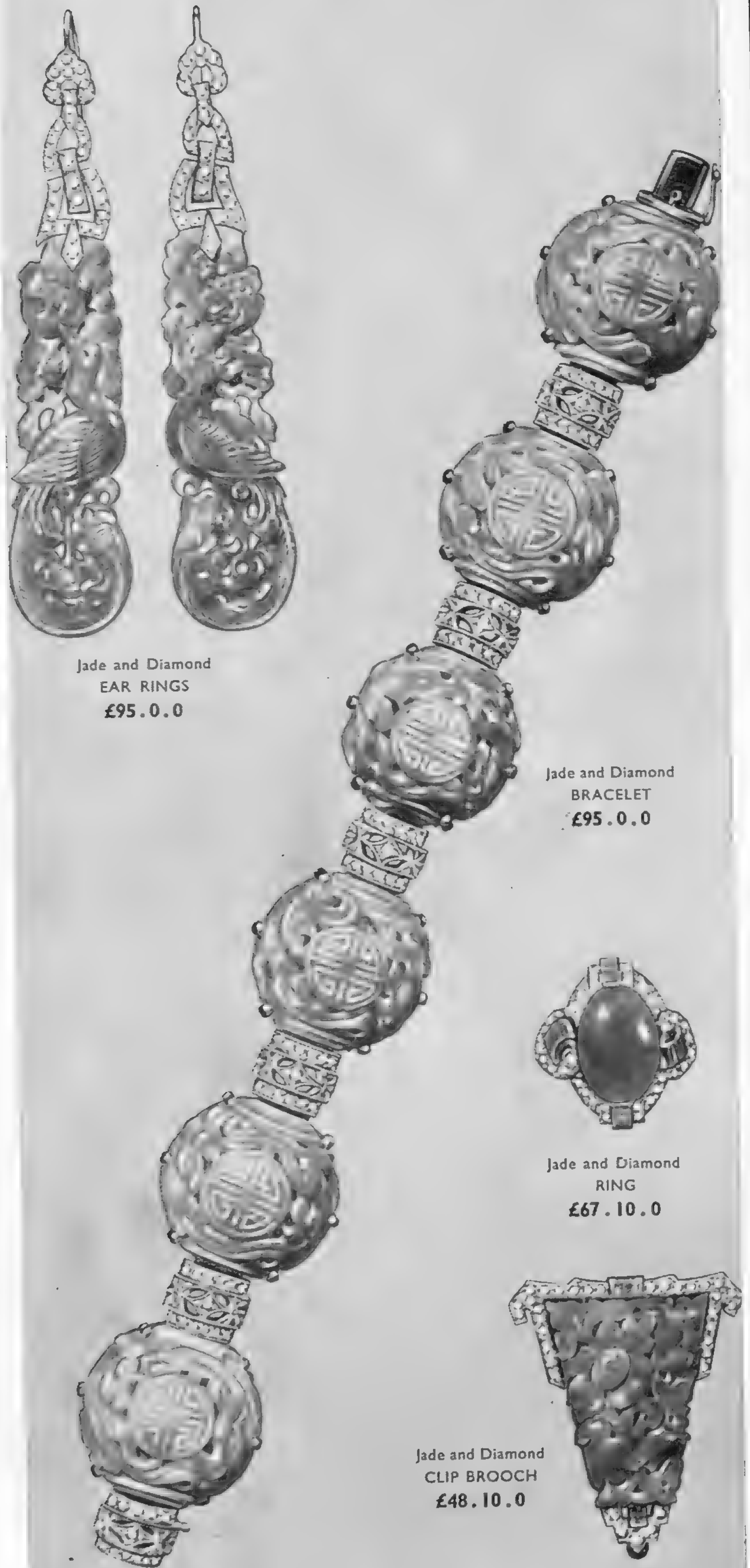

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Indeed the qualities of strength and beauty with which every Daimler is born—from the big Straight Eight to the sprightly '15'—shine as patently after long and arduous service as in the first flush of youth. The years pass lightly over the head of a Daimler. Possibly you did not know that you can buy a Daimler for **£465**

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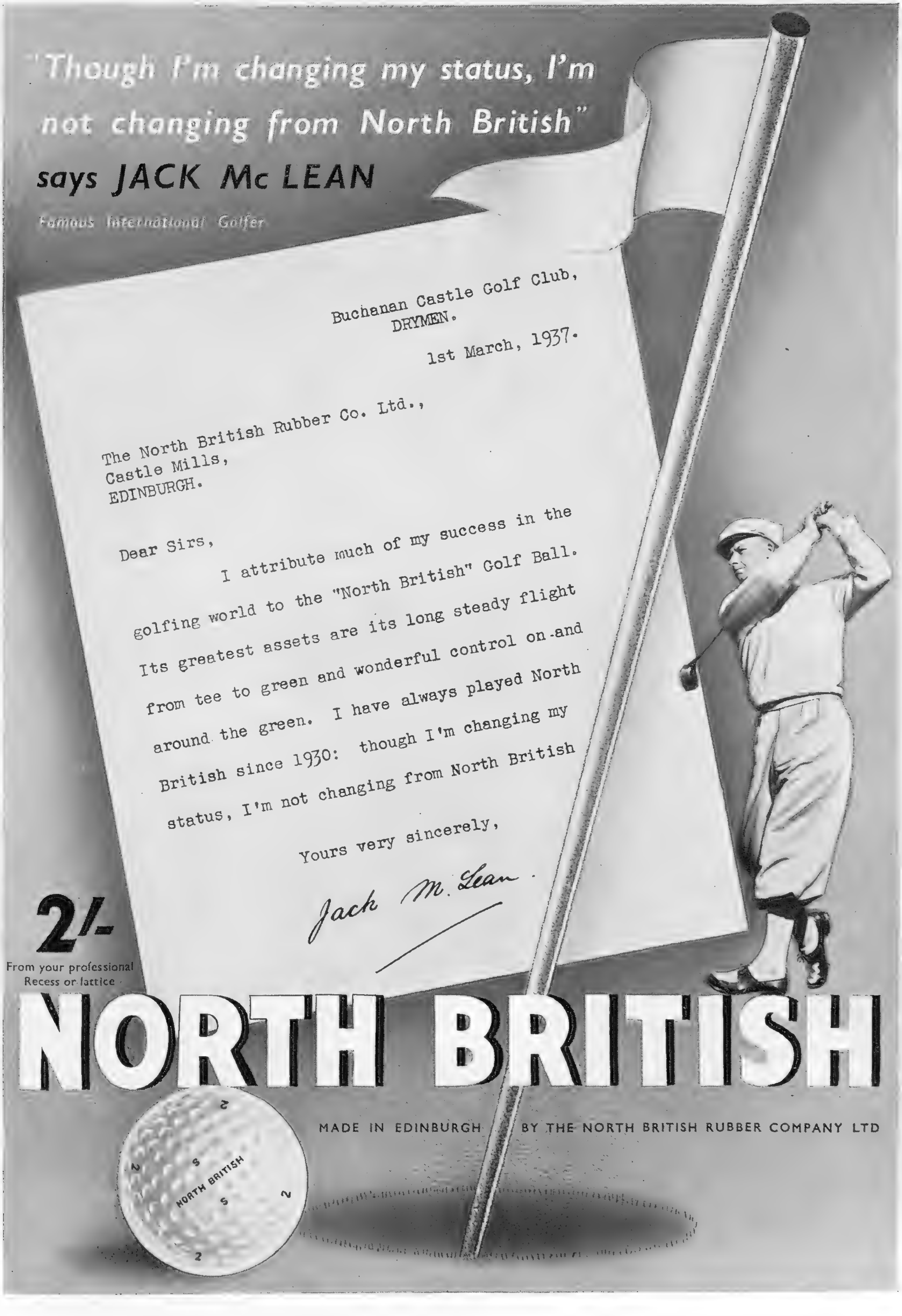
"Though I'm changing my status, I'm not changing from North British"
says JACK Mc LEAN
Famous International Golfer
Buchanan Castle Golf Club,
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1st March, 1937.
The North British Rubber Co. Ltd.,
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EDINBURGH.
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MOTOR DICTA. By ALAN HESS.

By way of a change, which it is hoped may break the motorist's weary monotony, the Ministry of Transport has introduced some legislation affecting cars and their users! The new edicts provide for an extension of the "No hooting between 11.30 p.m. and 7 a.m." regulation to *all* roads treated as being in a built-up area for the purpose of the speed limit, whether lighted or not. Only police cars, fire brigades, salvage corps vehicles, and ambulances may be fitted with syrens or bells. A "speed-indicating

The new FORD "TEN" *is a most remarkable example of value for money. The photograph shows the attractive body, which gives generous accommodation for four adults. The luggage-compartment is accessible from outside the car, while the spare wheel is kept out of harm's way in another locker below the luggage-compartment. Modifications in the engine, such as new camshaft bearings and replaceable main bearings, make for more silent, economical running. An interesting feature is the fitting of Girling brakes, which give easy operation with plenty of power.*

device" (not necessarily a speedometer—it may be a revolution-counter) must be fitted to all motor-vehicles other than invalid carriages and vehicles limited to a speed of 12 m.p.h.

From next October, all vehicles will have to be equipped with an automatic windscreen-wiper, except where the driver, by opening the windscreen, can obtain an adequate view of the front without looking actually through the windscreen. The letter "T," conforming with certain measurements, will have to be carried at the rear of all trailers after next October, while, from October 1938, trailers will have to be fitted with adequate wings.

Mascots, too, have received official criticism, and control—really, the Ministry thinks of everything! It is required that after October 1 next no motor-vehicle "may carry a mascot of such a kind and in

Here is the elegant pale-blue and silver LANCHESTER CAR, *with a special "straight-eight" engine, which H.H. the Maharaja Jam Sahib Bahadur of Nawanagar has just acquired. He has bought another of the same distinctive design for his official use in England during the Coronation. His Highness is shown at the wheel.*

such a position that it is liable to cause injury to any person with whom the vehicle may collide." Incidentally the word "and" in the above paragraph is worthy of note; for had it been "or" the regulation would have been very different.

By far the most irritatingly arbitrary regulation of all, however, is that which provides that a police constable or an examiner from

[Continued overleaf

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Continued.]

the Ministry of Transport may *in the absence of the owner of the car* inspect and test it to ascertain the condition of efficiency of its brakes, steering gear, and silencer, either on the road or in a garage. But the motorist should not really complain at this apparent interference with his privacy, for it is laid down in black and white that, in the case of a police constable carrying out such tests, *he must be wearing his uniform* !

Changed in every essential, the new Ford " Ten " is a little masterpiece of compact design. Only the engine remains to remind us of its stout-hearted little prototype, and even this has been further developed, having different camshaft bearings, and replaceable liners in the main bearings. Other outstanding modifications in the new " Ten " include a redesigned, chromium-finished radiator grille; new and more powerful automatically-compensating Girling brakes; totally different instrument panel, interior fittings and trim; new type, easy-to-clean wheels; more spacious luggage accommodation, opening externally, with a separate compartment for the spare wheel also fitted away aft; a larger battery; a bigger petrol tank and a longer wheelbase, with an entirely new form of spring suspension and vibration-damping engine mounting. A mile a minute is claimed with confidence for the new " Ten," while 32-35 m.p.g. is the predicted consumption figure.

The driver of this ROVER *is wondering how he should interpret such a contradiction in signs it looks like a " heads you win, tails I lose " proposition for the law! At the time our photograph was taken the two signs were located on the main Warwick-Kenilworth road, and there was less than a yard between them!*

The pleasing aerodynamic lines of the saloon combine big-car dignity with utility, since, in minimising wind-resistance, they also tend to keep the car cleaner. The open tourer is of particularly attractive appearance and in it there is ample room for four adults. On this model, particularly good features are the neat manner in which the hood tucks away when down, and the unusual ease with which it may be erected and folded. In both the open and closed models the increased leg-room for driver and passengers is a noteworthy improvement. With a wheelbase of 7 ft. 10 in., and an over-all length of 13 ft., including front and rear bumpers, riding comfort has been greatly improved. " Centre-poise " is the Ford Company's own phrase for the smooth, gliding gait of their newest product —which is another way of saying that it rides very much like its elder brother, the " V-8."

Apart from the improved riding comfort attained by suspending all the occupants of the car between the front and rear axles, however, this method permits the equalisation of the load over all four wheels, which greatly facilitates road holding, and helps accuracy of steering. As an inveterate smoker, I was suitably impressed to find ash-trays fitted in each rear door moulding, while

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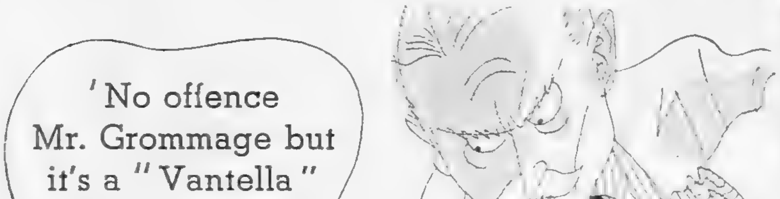

There are three sleeve lengths to every neckband size of 'Vantella' shirts — and, what s more, every 'Vantella' shirt has the unique 'Van Heusen' unshrinkable neckband and curve woven semi-stiff cuffs. 'Vantella' shirts, in zephyr 9/3, in poplin de luxe, 10/6 — both unshrinkable, fadeless cloths—with the famous 'Van Heusen' collars to match, 1/3 each extra, are sold by all good outfitters.

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Bernard Weatherill keeps a selection of ready-tailored Overcoats in a great variety of materials and styles, tailored and finished by his own craftsmen.

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0-50 m. p. h. in 12 seconds

BUY A CAR
MADE IN THE UNITED KINGDOM
Flying Standard
V-EIGHT

"You realise at once that you are handling something that is out of the ordinary . . . . the maximum road speed on high gear is 82 m.p.h. . . . . its performance excels that of many sports cars. The acceleration is particularly good, as from a standstill it can reach a speed of 50 m.p.h. in 12 seconds dead . . . . I liked the car immensely. It has the feeling of a thoroughbred and it behaves as one, and I am sure that this new model will prove a tremendous success."

Sir Malcolm Campbell sums up in "The Field."

£349 EX WORKS

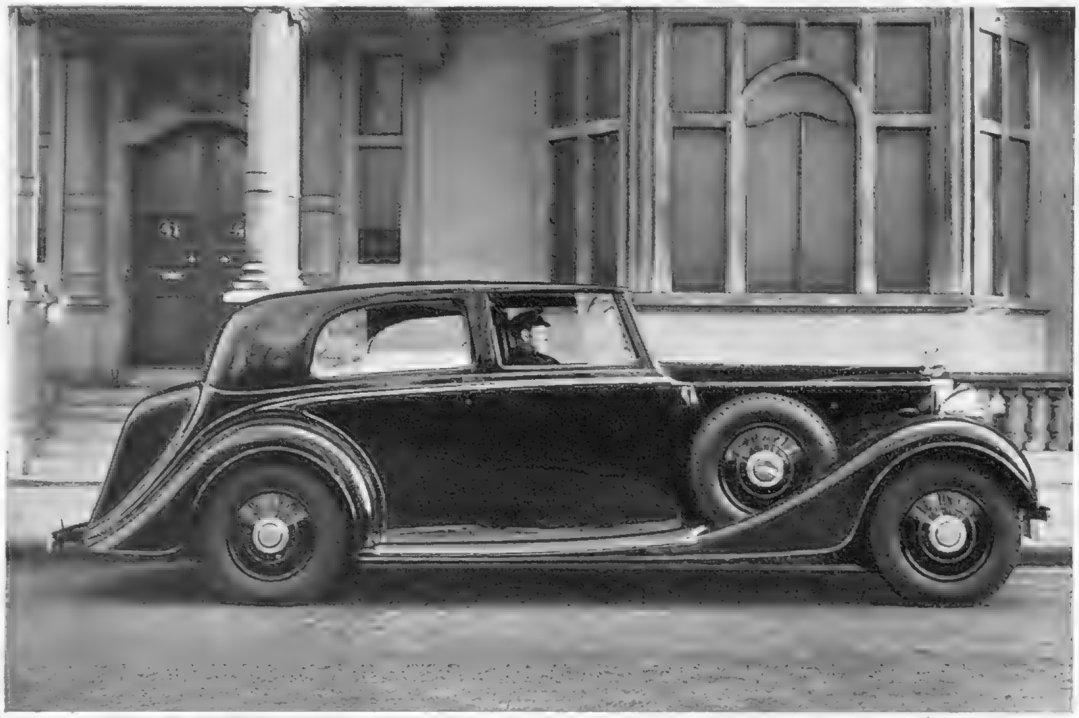
DETAILS OF THIS AMAZING CAR FROM— THE STANDARD MOTOR CO. LTD., CANLEY, COVENTRY
WEST END SHOWROOMS— "STANDARD CARS," 37 DAVIES ST., GROSVENOR SQ., LONDON, W.1.

Continued.

the rattle-proof-bonnet fasteners were another detail I admired. Self-cancelling traffic indicators and an automatically self-adjusting clutch were two more features which particularly commended themselves. At £143 for the two-door saloon, and £150 for either the tourer or the four-door saloon, the new Ford "Ten" offers really wonderful value to the discriminating motorist — and, in these days of Rearmament Budgets, only the most discriminating can afford to be motorists.

To the many foreign motorists who have come over for the Coronation, and who will be touring this country by road during the next few months, I can heartily recommend the Automobile Association's Handbook Supplement for 1937-38. Every establishment listed—there are nearly 4500—has been inspected on the same lines as hotels holding the Association's full appointment. Thus a wide selection of hotels, restaurants, etc., is offered where cleanliness, good food, and value for money are assured.

In order to facilitate easy reference, the entries have been subdivided into the following four groups: hotels (licensed); hotels (unlicensed, private) and boarding-houses; farmhouses; restaurants and cafés. A thirty-six-page service map is included, from which a motorist can tell at a glance the places where these different classes of accommodation are to be found. Towns and villages in which farmhouses are situated are underlined on the map, and roads patrolled by the A.A. are shown throughout.



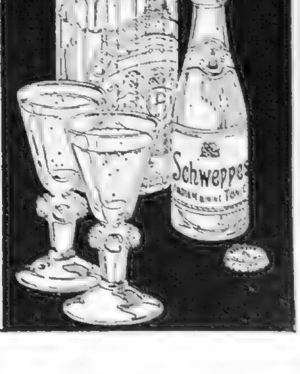
This magnificent car is MR. JACK BUCHANAN'S *new* TWELVE-CYLINDER "PHANTOM III," ROLLS-ROYCE, *with a special* BARCLAY-DESIGNED SEDANCA-DE-VILLE BODY. *Mr. Barclay and Mr. Buchanan collaborated to produce a car incorporating their joint ideas for Mr. Buchanan's special requirements. The de ville extension is of the sliding-roof type, with folding cantrails, so that the car looks smart and is weatherproof at all times. The built-in rear boot has fitted suitcases and the extra folding flap to accommodate additional luggage when required. There are no-draught ventilating windows to front and rear, and the car is most lavishly equipped throughout with radio and many other extras.*

PEPYS *into this* THIRST QUESTION

APRIL 2ND This morning comes word by telephone from my brother-in-law James that he hath procured us three fine seats to watch the Procession. Which I had abandoned hope of seeing, with places at fifteen guineas and suchlike rascally prices. So at luncheon I met with James and drank to Their Majesties' health. And methinks the Coronation giveth all men (and not a few women) a handsome excuse for drinking healths to the King and His Queen. In which pleasure, I admit, I have freely joined, but tempered my Whiskies and Gins with abundance of Schweppes Soda and Schweppes Tonic Water. For I find that your Schweppes doth soften the rawness of your spirit without extinguishing its fire, and doth add a twinkle and blitheness of its own.

BE SURE YOU SAY

Schweppes



PURVEYORS OF NOBLE REFRESHING DRINKS DURING EIGHT REIGNS

Continued].

So he rode into the court of Avesnes without any ostentation. He was glad that it happened to be the blank hour after dinner, and that there were only a couple of men there, who took the horses and told Marc, when he asked, that his three younger brothers were ratting in the stack-yard. Marc felt that they were better employed than he had been. He did not enquire after Blanche; condemned men do not clamour for the hangman.

As he laid his hand on the latch of the solar door he had a faint hope, since it was so quiet inside, that she was not there. He opened the door. She was there. He stood still in the doorway, just staring.

Over against him in the southward-facing window-alcove Blanche sat on the purple cushions from his own faldstool. Against the light of the window behind her he could see the stiff wired wings of her very best wimple like a white film, and he could also see that she had on the dress Marc's mother had left her in her will; it was yellow silk with large black flowers and it was far too big for Blanche, but she was very proud of it because it was so grown-up.

But it was not on Blanche, with all her finery, that Marc's eyes rested. His stare was fixed upon the man who was with her; the man on his knees in the window-alcove, with his hands stretched out to take Blanche's hands, only she had put them behind her, as if she were playing handy-pandy.

"Marc!" cried Blanche, and got up so hastily that the man kneeling by her had to grab the bench to keep his balance.

"Richard of Arques!" Marc shouted.

"The devil!" said Richard of Arques.

After that no one said anything during the few minutes that a very lively scuffle lasted. The only sound in the room was the hard-drawn breath and grunts of the two men, the pounding and shuffling of their feet on the boards, and one small, stifled scream from Blanche.

At the end of it Marc stood at the door for a second, listening to Richard picking himself up at the turn of the stairs. Then he shut the door gently and pulled his tunic straight and hitched his belt into place again; it is not too much to say that he had enjoyed those few minutes more than he had enjoyed anything at Hirson; he felt almost obliged to Richard of Arques.

He turned and saw Blanche backed against the wall and watching him. He saw that she was frightened—she was frightened of him.

He was so gratified that he smiled at her, and next minute found her in his arms. She said afterwards that she was not crying, but that was not true.

Marc led her to the same window-alcove and sat down on his own purple cushions. He set Blanche on his knee and she nestled close to him and began to babble about how strong he was and how impudent Richard of Arques had been, and was he dead, and how glad she was that Marc had come.

It was all so satisfactory that Marc succumbed to an attack of reckless magnanimity. He told her that he had been tumbled at the jousts; he even told her exactly what ransom he had had to pay.

She did not seem to care. "I expect the horse stumbled," was all she said.

Marc was pleased. He stroked her cheek and then he kissed her mouth. He thought as he did so that he had certainly learnt something about kissing at Hirson; it was interesting and agreeable to put it into practice now. It was so agreeable that he lost his head a little.

"Did you know," he said, "that you have the sweetest mouth to kiss? Far sweeter than——" He stopped there, but had he stopped in time?

Blanche put her arm about his neck and brought her mouth closer to his. "Than whose?" she asked, with a small, languid laugh.

"Than any woman's in the world," said Marc firmly; then, with an instinct for sound strategy, he abandoned defence for attack. "But, mind you," he added with sternness, "if I catch Richard of Arques here again, I'll——!"

THE END.

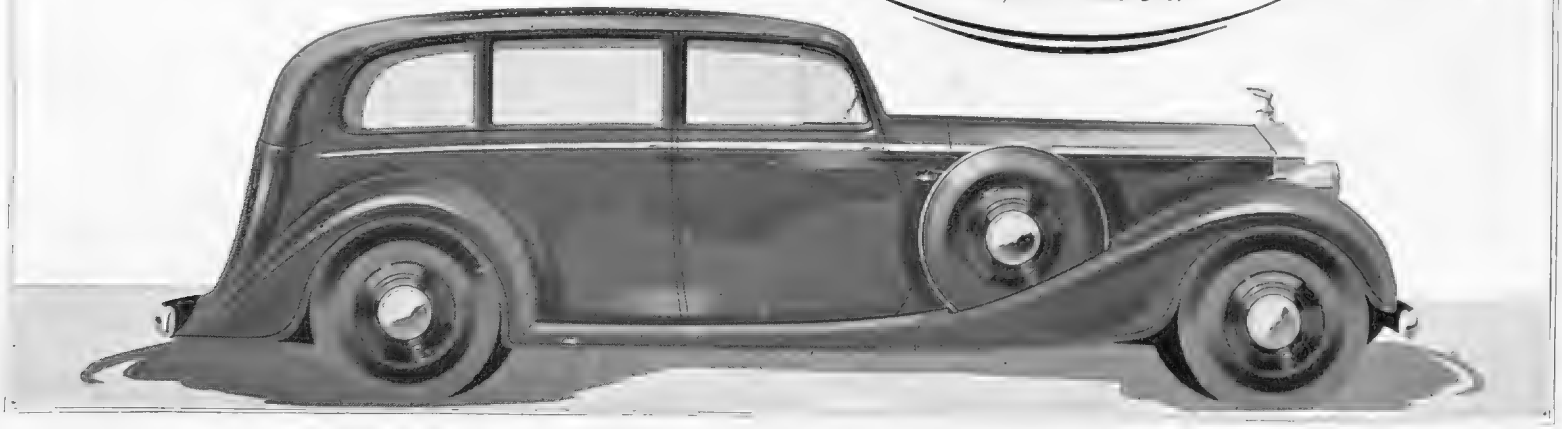
By Appointment

Coachcraft by

Thrupp & Maberly Ltd

DEVONSHIRE HOUSE, BERKELEY STREET, W.1.

Telephone. Grosvenor 3401



ROLLS ROYCE 40/50 H.P. PHANTOM III ENCLOSED DRIVE LIMOUSINE

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ROOTES LTD.

Thrupp & Maberly following a tradition founded in 1760 produce the finest coachwork that can be built. This Limousine is fitted with every accessory for luxurious comfort, and the seating is designed on modern anatomical principles. It is a car for the most exclusive occasions. May we send you specification?

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for space....
for grace....
for pace.....

Winner, irrespective of class or size, of R.A.C. Rally Coachwork Competition for Drophead Foursomes

THE MG CAR COMPANY LIMITED ABINGDON-ON-THAMES BERKSHIRE

MARIEGOLD IS EXHIBITION-CONSCIOUS.

CONSTABLE'S centenary (no, dear, not our wonderful P.C.s—we mean the artist) is being honoured by a show at the British Museum in the Prints and Drawings Room. It 's also celebrated by a unique exhibition which opens at the Wildenstein Galleries to-day, April 21, under the title of "Constable's Origins and Influence." The great artist's predecessors, Rubens, Ruysdael, Gainsborough, Wilson, and others, open the panorama of art, leading us to Constable; and we may then proceed to consider the works of his English contemporaries, Turner, Cotman, and Bonington, and the spread of his influence in France. He affected Delacroix and Rousseau of the Barbizon School, and also Monet and Sisley, among the Impressionists. Constable himself is represented by some forty oils, which show his unexpected versatility. To most of us he is unknown as a painter of portraits, interiors, and political satires, so there are some surprises in this interesting exhibition.

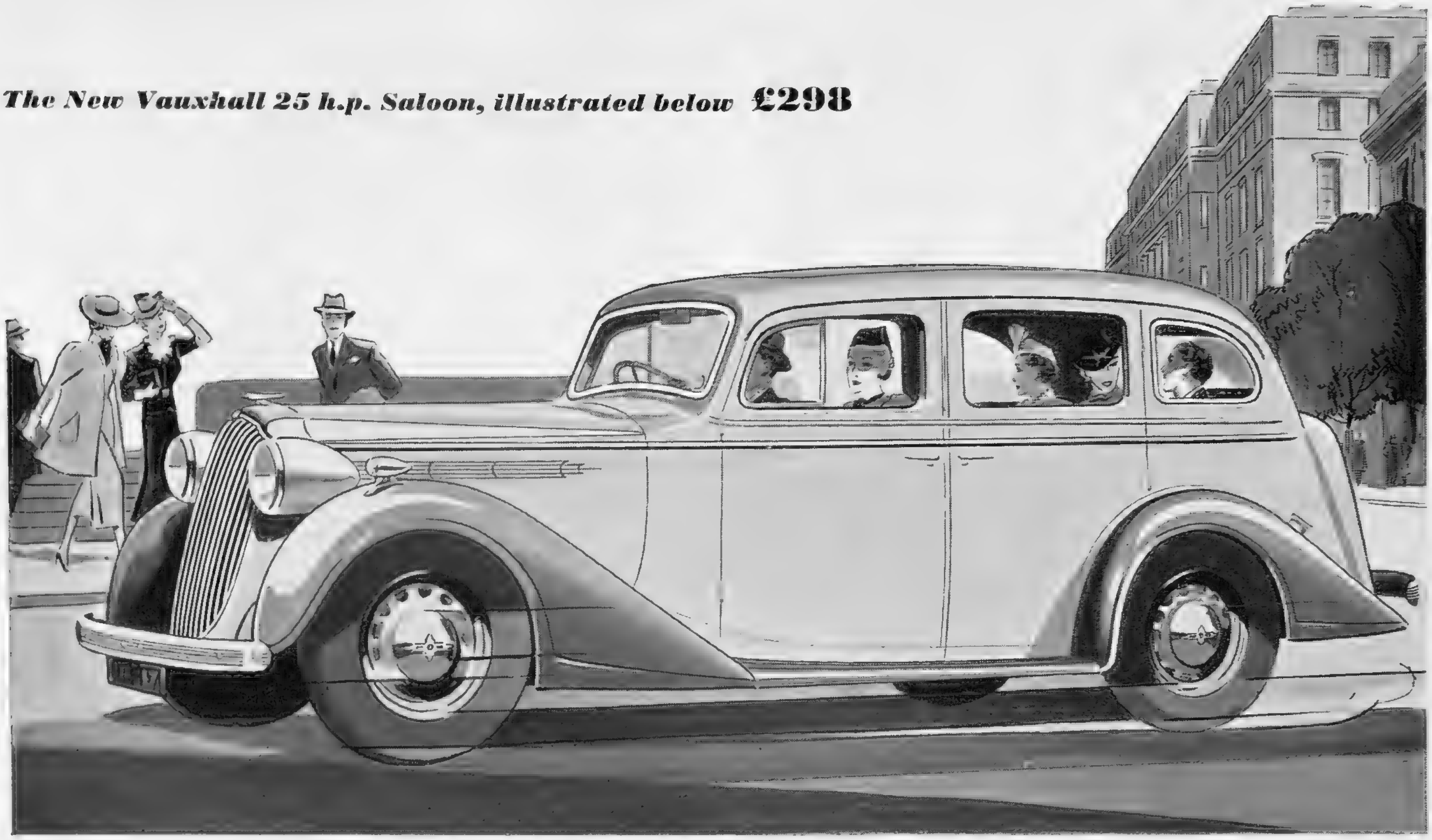
MISS GERALDINE FITZGERALD *takes the part of Maggie Tulliver in the screen version of* "THE MILL ON THE FLOSS," *and gives a remarkably fine performance. H.M. Queen Mary attended the gala première last week at the London Hippodrome, in aid of the University College Hospital Building Fund.*

The British Country Life Loan Exhibition is one of the artistic events we can look forward to in June. By that time we shall have had such a feast of urban pleasure and full-dress pageantry that we shall revel in the rural paintings and water-colours, prints and drawings illustrating the life of the mansion, the farm, and the village from the Middle Ages to the present day! It 's in aid of the National Trust and takes place at 39, Grosvenor Square, lent by the Duke of Westminster. Art is not the only side of this original show, for those who don't care for pictures will find many other objects to charm them. For instance, furniture, agricultural and household utensils, sporting equipment, and rural craftsmanship will all be featured in the exhibition.

MISS CHRISTINE MARSDEN *is one of this year's débutantes. She is the daughter of Mr. P. Marsden, I.C.S., and Mrs. Marsden, and is the niece of Commander Marsden, who sat for North Battersea in the last Parliament. A keen horsewoman, she has been hunting this season with the Portman.*

The Lefevre has two excellent shows on at the moment—"Janet Clerk and her Friends," and Mark Gertler, who has the glory of a catalogue foreword by Aldous Huxley—himself a newcomer to painting. Lady Clerk was accompanied by her husband, Sir George, at the Private View; she was in black, with silver fox, and an intriguing heavy gold ornament. M. Corbin, the French Ambassador, stayed some time. Mr. Anthony Eden arrived by himself, and went away with Sir Philip Sassoon. Apart from "Les Joies de l'Opéra," which has a topical touch, there are portraits—a quick sketch of M. Léon Blum, painted in an hour and three-quarters, among them—and a number of other paintings and sculpture.

***The New Vauxhall 25 h.p. Saloon, illustrated below* £298**



Everything you've wanted in a car in the new VAUXHALL 25 *h.p.*

There are several cars that can reach high speeds quickly. And a few with Independent Springing. Lots of cars, too, have hydraulic brakes and built-in luggage boots; others have adjustable steering columns. But only the new Vauxhall 25 h.p. gives you *all* these features—for as little as £298.

This "25" does its eighty—if you want it to—smoothly and quietly. Its acceleration is very rapid, its road-holding a joy.

Independent Springing insulates its passengers from road shocks and jolts and, with the added comfort of No-Draught Ventilation and "Body Conformity" front seats, provides the most restful ride in motoring. Its "double-safety" hydraulic brakes are smooth and very powerful.

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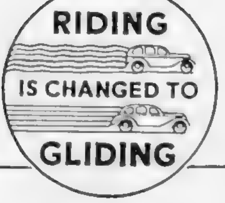

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THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

(Continued from Page 146.)

lurking allegory will perhaps discover. The attempt is worth making, for this is a brilliant and original book albeit (lacking the clue to the maze) a rather empty one. I have seldom read a novel in recent years which delighted me so much by its technical accomplishment, its rich vocabulary so ably handled, its unexpected turns of fancy pointed and quickened by an unerring and often inspired choice of words. Mr. Sirin has translated it himself from the Russian, and it is a remarkable feat. One looks forward eagerly to a new novel from his pen, a novel in which his sense of objective beauty and his keen, restless intellect may be reinforced by a more serious appreciation of human motive and character.

"Hallelujah, I 'm a Bum!"

"Hallelujah, I 'm a Bum!" is a picaresque novel in the Linklater manner. The hero, Resin Scaeterbun, is serving with the American army in France. Demobilisation finds him rather vague as to what he means to do, so keeping only his "Keats and Shelley, his Villon and Rabelais, his Petronius, Chaucer, Boccaccio and Wilde," he looks about for a job. These are the authors who have formed his literary taste. With Villon and Rabelais he feels a special temperamental affinity, and his first venture is to edit a magazine called "Gusto," by which he hopes to infuse some of their spirit into contemporary periodical literature. Alas! The law, squeamish as always, frowned on his project.

"Gusto" would have shocked only hypocrites and sexual morons [he told Judge Hankelquist]. Which meant that it would have shocked 97 per cent. of the populations of continental America, Hawaii, the Philippines, Alaska, Guam, the Virgin Islands, and parts of American Samoa. Well, publishing a magazine was hard work, and hard work was no trade for a man who wanted to be a bum.

So Resin tried other things; helped to promote a prize-fight, acted as a newspaper reporter (his "write-up" of Mr. Overmyer Burgle, sausage manufacturer, was a disastrous failure), put his Army service to use by training recruits, wrote a book of poems and tried in vain to get them published. Then, just as the goal of bumhood was really in sight, the tide turned. Some former comrades-in-arms who had made money as literary agents shared their spoils with him. The poems were published; Resin accepted a handsome offer from Hollywood; it seemed his fate to be rich and respectable. But his stern mentor, the Virgin Gumbottle, was dissatisfied with him and refused his proffered hand. He had not found himself, she complained. . . .

Mr. Louis Paul writes with plenty of his favourite quality, gusto, though those who hope for the Rabelaisian element promised on the dust-cover will be disappointed. He also has considerable gifts as a satirist, but, like other writers of his kind, he is apt to make horse-play and high spirits serve the turn of humour. Anyone who handles American slang with the ability of Mr. Paul can be sure of raising a laugh; but I should not call "Hallelujah, I 'm a Bum!" an outstandingly funny book; the author's satire often broadens into burlesque, thus (to my mind) destroying what it feeds on. And the film industry, after everything that novelists and others have written about it, is now satire-proof. An author must describe Hollywood as the home of reason and common sense if he wants to startle us.

"The Flying Wasp."

Mr. Sean O'Casey calls his survey of contemporary English dramatic criticism "The Flying Wasp," and the name is not inapt—unless we take exception to the somewhat redundant epithet "flying." All wasps fly, unless stupefied by beer or marmalade. But a wasp does not seek to ingratiate itself with its neighbours, nor is its mood ever conciliatory—"of all the plagues that Heaven hath sent A wasp is most impertinent"—and, therefore, it makes an excellent symbol for Mr. O'Casey, who shares its easily-roused irascibility. It cannot be said of him that he is "willing to wound and yet afraid to strike"; nor does he wait to be attacked before he plants a sting. There is something exhilarating about his wholesale aggressiveness, so agreeably free from pomposity, and it would be more exhilarating still if it was not accompanied by a kind of chronic irritability of temper. A good deal of "The Flying Wasp" consists in a polemic against Mr. Agate and other dramatic critics—a controversy into which I do not propose to enter. Several chapters, too, are devoted to a highly unfavourable estimate of Mr. Noel Coward's dramatic achievements; and here, too, I feel that such doughty antagonists should be left to fight it out alone, with their own weapons. Mr. O'Casey certainly makes use of any that comes to hand. He is particularly irritated by the air of infallibility adopted by certain critics, and suggests that a long course of criticism blunts æsthetic perception and automatically unfits a man to estimate the value of a work of art. There is some truth in this; as Hamlet said, "the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense." But I think it would be truer to say that a critic's business is inclined to destroy his pleasure in a work of art, rather than that it invalidates his judgment. An

[Continued overleaf

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Continued].

antique dealer may not get the same thrill from a piece of old furniture that an amateur would; but his greater experience should make him a better judge of its genuineness, and genuineness is the most vital element in art.

I enjoyed Mr. O'Casey's scuffle with the critics, but one expects more from the author of "Juno and the Paycock" than personal vituperation, however racily expressed. Happily one finds it. Mr. O'Casey sees things black or white, and his likes mean as much to him (though he does not dwell on them so much) as his dislikes. He likes the theatre in America, and its leading critic, Mr. Nathan; he admires the Compagnie des Quinze; he finds much merit in the performance, by some Chelsea schoolboys, of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; he is enthusiastic about "The Cathedral." He makes a persuasive appeal for that most piteous of lost causes, a National Theatre. But to me the most interesting contribution of his book is his discussion of various developments in the drama of to-day—his onslaught on "murdher" plays (with which I heartily agree) and his plea for symbolism as against realism.

"Murder in the Mews." Mrs. Agatha Christie's latest volume, "Murder in the Mews," contains four stories, all of which, display her unique gift for springing surprise solutions on the reader. To ensure that he shall not guess the riddle she sacrifices probability, though for possibility she maintains her habitual respect. The long-short story is a difficult medium for writers of detective fiction, and even Mrs. Christie is handicapped by it; she lacks space for the characterisation and detail in which she excels, and looks for her effects to virtuosity and sensationalism.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

Despair. By Vladimir Nabokoff-Sirin. (*John Long; 7s. 6d.*)
Hallelujah, I'm a Bum! By Louis Paul. (*Methuen; 7s. 6d.*)
The Flying Wasp. By Sean O'Casey. (*Macmillan; 6s.*)
Murder in the Mews. By Agatha Christie. (*Collins; 7s. 6d.*)

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"BALALAIKA" (His Majesty's). 8.15.—Pre-war Russian gaiety; songs and dances.

"HOME AND BEAUTY" (Adelphi). 8.15.—A mad week-end light-operatically revued. Wit and satire by stars.

"SWING ALONG" (Gaiety). 8.15.—Good scenes: good music; good dancing: Leslie Henson on top form.

"JANE EYRE" (Aldwych). 8.30.—Curigwen Lewis and Reginald Tate in the Bronte thriller.

"FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS" (Criterion). 8.40.—Laughter without limit.

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"LONDON AFTER DARK" (Apollo). 8.30.—The further adventures of Marion Lorne with a thrilling finish.

"MILE AWAY MURDER" (Duchess). 8.30.—Murder—but how? D. A. Clarke-Smith runs away with it.

"HENRY V." (Old Vic). 8.—Imaginatively produced, with Laurence Olivier and Jessica Tandy.

"THE SQUEAKER" (Strand). 8.30.—A real good Edgar Wallace. A newspaper reporter acts the sleuth.

"GEORGE AND MARGARET" (Wyndham's). 8.30.—The lightest possible plot, but rich comedy.

"SUSPECT" (St. Martin's). 8.30.—Strange, grim sequel to a "Not Proven" verdict. Acting excellent.

"BIG BUSINESS" (London Hippodrome). 8.15.—A Bobby Howes, Vera Pearce, and Wylie Watson combination.

"WISE TO-MORROW" (Lyric). 8.30.—Theatrical career rather than marriage.

"THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE" (Haymarket). 8.30.—"Crime and Research" (!), with Ralph Richardson.

"THE TWO BOUQUETS" (Garrick). 8.30.—A Victorian comedy with music.

"CARELESS RAPTURE" (Drury Lane). 8.—Ivor Novello's new big spectacle; with Dorothy Dickson and Zena Dare.

"THE FROG" (Prince's). 8.10.—All the Edgar Wallace thrills in one, adapted by Ian Hay.

"OVER SHE GOES" (Saville). 8.15.—Slick fooling by Stanley Lupino and Laddie Cliff.

"BUSMAN'S HONEYMOON" (Comedy). 8.30.—Dorothy L. Sayers' Lord Peter Wimsey dramatised.

FILMS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE GOOD EARTH" (Palace Theatre).—Paul Muni and Luise Rainer in an impressive adaptation of a famous novel.

"LA KERMESSE HÉROÏQUE" (Studio One).—A gay comedy of old Flanders.

"ELEPHANT BOY" (Leicester Square Theatre).—Rudyard Kipling's saga of the elephants realistically filmed.

"LLOYD'S OF LONDON" (Gaumont, Haymarket).—The romantic history of insurance, starring Madeleine Carroll and Tyrone Power.

"LOST HORIZON" (Tivoli).—Ronald Colman finds Utopia.

FILMS WELL WORTH SEEING.

"PÉPÉ LE MOKO" (Curzon).—An interesting story of outlawry in Algiers.

"STOWAWAY" (New Gallery).—Shirley Temple.

"DARK JOURNEY" (London Pavilion).—Espionage drama with Vivien Leigh and Conrad Veidt.

"BURGTHEATER" (Academy).—A Viennese back-stage drama of youth and age.

"THAT GIRL FROM PARIS" (Carlton).—Lily Pons as a runaway prima donna.

A FILM ABOVE THE AVERAGE.

"BANJO ON MY KNEE" (Regal).—Marital discord and musical moments on the Mississippi.

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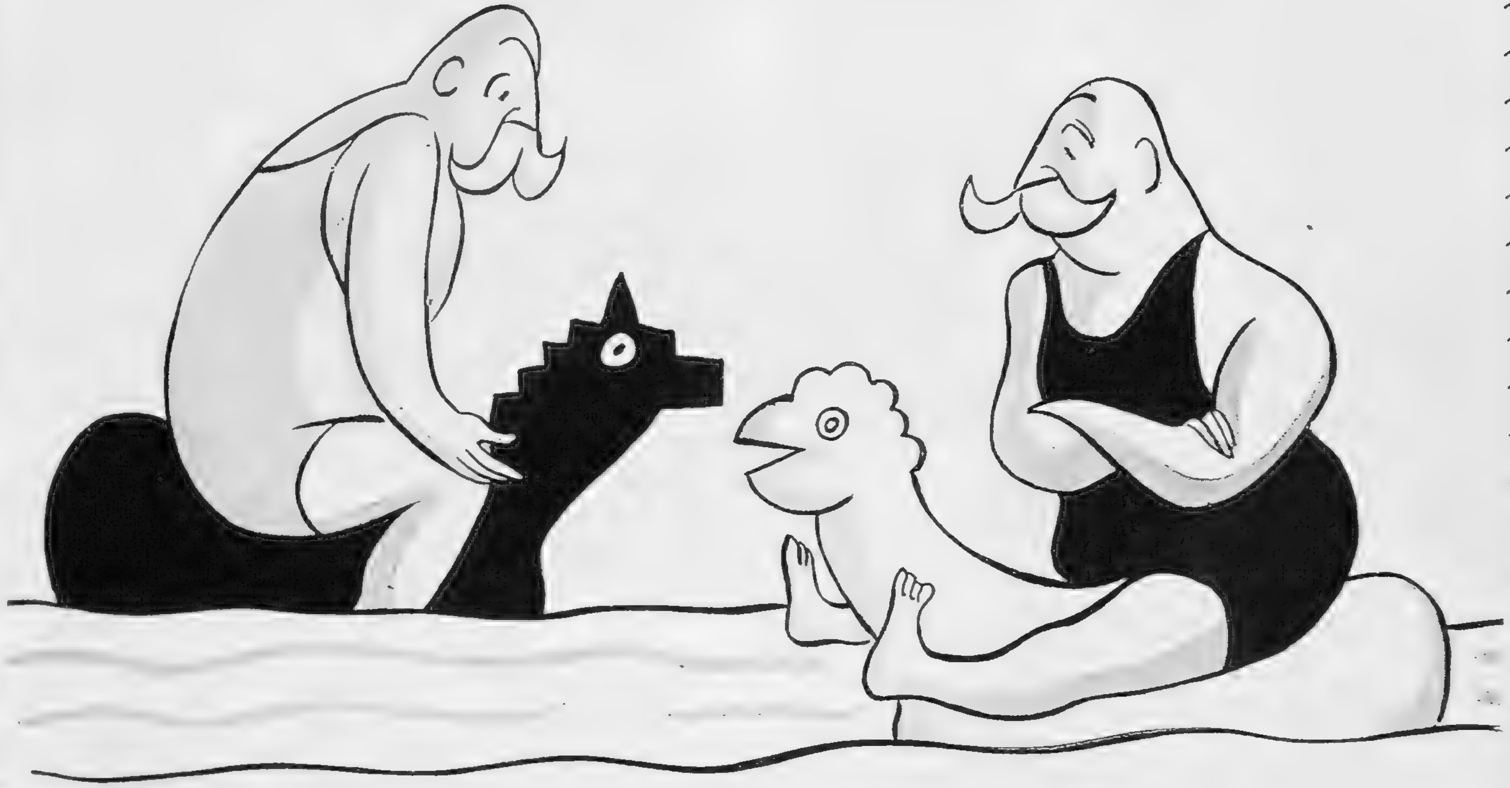

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ABOUT COUPS.

MAKING a coup may be described as playing an unorthodox and surprising card to a trick. The coup, of course, may be losing play at the time made, but the idea is ultimately to gain more than that loss. Don't confuse problem play with playing a coup; the solution to a problem may depend on making a series of coups, but the play *must* succeed. When you make a coup in actual play, it *may* succeed, but it may not, and that makes a lot of difference; therefore, let me warn all players not to try on a coup unless (1) the play is unlikely to lose more than it makes; (2) the coup is necessary if some definite object is to be achieved; and (3) the subsequent play is well defined and foreseen.

Of the many well-known coups, such as the Deschapelle, the Bath, the Vienna, and the Grand Coup, the last-named is the only one which *must* prove successful against any adverse play, and, strangely enough, that coup may necessitate the making of the most famous and time-honoured joke of trumping your partner's ace, or even aces! The coup is made at trump-play, thus—

B: Spades—A. Hearts—Q. Clubs—Q, Kn, 10, 9. Diamonds—A.

Y: Spades—x, x, x. Hearts—None. Clubs—x. Diamonds—x, x, x.

Z: Spades—10. Hearts—K, 10, 3. Clubs—8, 7. Diamonds—Q.

A: Spades—None. Hearts—A, Kn, 5, 4, 2. Clubs—6, 5. Diamonds—None.

Hearts are trumps; B to lead. AB need all the tricks. B leads the queen of hearts, which Z won't cover; then the ace of spades; A trumps and leads a club, which B wins, and leads the ace of diamonds, and A trumps. He leads his club, putting B in; and so A makes the last two tricks.

There are a few other situations where the playing of a coup is necessary, but, like all other plays of the same kind (with the exception of the Grand Coup), the result need not of necessity be successful—it depends on how opponent responds. Culbertson, in "The Red Book on Play," gives a neat example where declarer, holding A, Q, x, has that suit led up to him and finds it essential to take opponent's knave with the ace, thus concealing the holding of the queen. Here is a more or less similar situation—

B: Spades—K, 9, 8, 7, 6. Hearts—K, Q, 10. Clubs—9, 8. Diamonds—Q, 8, 7.

Y: Spades—Q, 4, 3. Hearts—9, 8, 7. Clubs—A, Q, 6, 5, 4. Diamonds—K, 6.

Z: Spades—A, Kn, 10, 2. Hearts—6, 3. Clubs—10, 3, 2. Diamonds—5, 4, 3, 2.

A: Spades—5. Hearts—A, Kn, 5, 4, 2. Clubs—K, Kn, 7. Diamonds—A, Kn, 10, 9.

The bidding was: A, one diamond; B, one spade; A, one no-trump; B, two no-trumps; A, three no-trumps; YZ did not bid. Y led a small club; Z played the ten, and A took with the king! This play was made to hide the knave of clubs—to make Y think Z holds it, which, to be sure, by the fall of the cards, he should do. B was put in with a heart, the queen of diamonds led and finessed; Y won, and did exactly what A hoped—he led a small club to Z's supposed knave. Of course, the coup fails hopelessly if Y leads out his top clubs, but A argued that if he took trick one with the knave, Y most certainly, on regaining the lead, would try to put his partner into lead through the now well-marked king of clubs. He would lead through dummy's king of spades, when A's no-trump would receive a severe shock—and deservedly so, since the hand should be played in hearts on the bidding: A, one heart; B, one spade; A, two diamonds; B, three hearts.

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R.B.A.

The Royal Society of British Artists has a Coronation Exhibition on at the Suffolk Street Galleries; it is retrospective, and besides the work of the living, includes the work of many past members of Victorian days, such as Frith, Holman Hunt, Lord Leighton, Burne-Jones, and, I might add, "Walter," a past President as distinct from the present "Richard" Sickert.

Modernism.

Then, for those who like Surrealism, the International Society has taken 47, Grosvenor Square for a large show, spreading all over the house, not entirely Surrealist, but a mixture. A mid-way John (the "gipsy" period), some Picassos, some Salvador Dali's, Joán Miro's, and an interesting room of extraordinarily promising work by porters, bus-drivers, and men of that ilk who have not had the privilege of the schools. This exhibition is only on for another fortnight.

The Private Galleries.

Besides these, there are the private galleries—the Lefevre, Tooth's, the Leicester, Colnaghi's, the Leger, the Redfern, Agnew's, the Wertheim, the Wildenstein, Storran and all those outstanding Mayfair centres of painting and sculpture. Visitors may be quite sure they will see there the best work of the moderns, the French Impressionists, Old Masters, and all the other varieties. For it is quite certain that London is the centre of the world of art, where the foremost painters gather, and display their work. In addition, there is the fun of going to the sales of the big auctioneers—Christie's, Sotheby's, and so on.

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